

A Young Lawyer in an Old Man's Darling's Room.

The Old Chap Caught Him and Administered a Proper Chastisement Gray Hairs Vindicated.

A Bellmore, L. I., despatch says: Frederick McFarland, an old time farmer of his village, who has passed the age of three score years, may have gray hairs, but that does not make him the less a match for any young law clerk from town. A youth named Seaman, a clerk in the law firm of Lord, Day & Lord, of New York, thought it did, but he thinks differently now.

The farmer, upon being challenged, promptly turned Mr. Seaman into a mop, with which he proceeded to wipe up the arm house floor. Mr. Seaman has had the farmer arrested.

The cause of the difficulty which has enlightened the youthful law clerk as to the potentiality of gray hairs was the old farmer's young and pretty wife, to whom the young man was paying attentions which displeased her husband.

"STAR" BOARDER'S ADVANTAGE.

Farmer McFarland has been a respected resident of this village for many years. Though more than sixty years of age, his wife is only twenty-five. The couple took in boarders this summer to help out the family income, and young Seaman was regarded as the "star" boarder. He took all his city clothes and manners into the country with him and succeeded in making an impression. He has not yet reached voting age.

Now, the farmer, having a young and pretty wife, was naturally watchful of his own interests. He saw that young Mr. Seaman was impressed, as, of course, he should have been, with the charms of Mrs. McFarland, but he also observed Mr. Seaman, as he by no means should have done, paid her great attentions. These attentions seemed to Mr. McFarland to be greater than the requirements of boarding house etiquette demanded. He imagined, too, that his wife showed a fondness for Mr. Seaman. In fact, the farmer was jealous.

Things came to a climax on Thursday evening, when McFarland saw the young law clerk coming out of his wife's room, that was altogether too much. He strode up to him and demanded:

GRAY HAIRS ON TOP.

"What are you doing in my wife's room?"

"I went there after a comb to do up my hair," stammered the young man.

Then the farmer let out his wrath. He said numerous unpleasant things, and wound up with the remark that for a mere little law clerk Seaman was "mighty fresh."

This aroused the ire of the young man, who braced himself up and retorted: "If it were not for your gray hairs I'd make you take that back!"

That remark settled it. The gray hairs proceeded to assert themselves.

"Come on, you young scoundrel!" cried the farmer, squaring off. "These gray hairs are a match for a young squirt like you, any day."

So shouting, he led off with his left hand knocked the young man squarely off his feet. He let him get up and then started in again with equally telling effect. The farmer leaped around, first on one foot and then on the other, landing blows with both fists. It was not long before young Seaman retired. Then he went to a Justice of the Peace and swore out a warrant for McFarland's arrest.

But the farmer doesn't care a cent, for he vindicated his honor and his gray hairs.

A FINE LIBRARY.

The U. S. Congressional Study to be a Gallery of Statuary.

A Washington despatch says: The new Congressional Library, which is now nearing completion, is to be decorated with statues of 25 men who have been famous in literary work. Mr. Spofford, the librarian, was authorized to make the selection.

The great reading room is the most conspicuous feature of the interior. Its plan of decoration makes provision for eight groups illustrating the several departments of the literary art, and under the

THE AWFUL PLAGUE.

The Progress of the "Black Death" in China.

HEROIC MEANS FOR RELIEF.

Thousands Are Dying Daily in Towns and Cities and Being Buried in Trenches—The Centre of the Disease—Chinese are Panic-stricken.

A Shanghai cable says: Your readers have probably been advised by telegraph ere this of the dreadful crisis through which the British colony of Hong Kong is now passing—the most severe she has experienced during the fifty years of her existence. A hideous form of plague has been ravaging her population for the last couple of months, and ruin, absolute ruin, stares her in the face. The fell disease, which, beyond a doubt, was imported from Canton, where its effects have been still more appalling, is described by the medical faculty of the colony as being similar to that which, under the name of the Great Plague, proved so fatal to the people of London in 1665. Although it was only officially recognized as a dangerous epidemic in the beginning of May, there is no doubt the affection was prevalent in Hong Kong much earlier.

The spring of 1894 has been a disastrous one in many ways for Hong Kong. In the earlier months a long drought was experienced, which resulted in a water famine; not only were the residents of the colony put to considerable discomfort and inconvenience by the supply of fresh water running short in the reservoirs, but a source of grave public danger was speedily constituted by the want of means of flushing out the drains.

But in spite of the innumerable warnings they received, and even with the terrible example of Canton before their eyes, the Hong Kong Government remained apathetic until it was no longer a question of prevention, but of cure.

The little worked and overpaid Public Works Department did nothing to abate

THE HORRIBLE FILTH and the shocking herding together of the lower class Chinese in Taipingshan and other native quarters until there could be no further doubt that the disease was simply raging in those festering populous.

Then, indeed, one morning, a little more than a month ago, when the daily number of deaths recorded had got well up into the fifties the Government began to talk of sanitary reforms.

The neighboring ports in China, Japan and the Straits took alarm immediately on the issue of the Government's proclamation, and quarantine regulations were put in force at all those places which have dealings with Hong Kong, which measures, coupled with the appalling turn which events subsequently took there, have had the most disastrous effect upon the trade and prospects of the colony.

The death rate soon rose to 100 per diem, according to the official returns, which there is reason to believe were very much underestimated. According to the same source of information, from 200 to 300 fresh persons were attacked every day, so that the medical resources of the port speedily fell short of the demands made upon them, and Shanghai, Singapore and one or two other places were appealed to for assistance.

Made fully alive to the gravity of their situation, the Hong Kong Government rushed into the other extreme and set about enforcing their sanitary regulations with the most intense energy. A system of house-to-house visitation was inaugurated, in which the civil authorities were assisted by 300 soldiers of the garrison, who bravely volunteered their services for this repulsive work, and whose leader, Captain Vesey, of the Shropshire Light Infantry, was the first European victim of the plague.

The truth is that the malady is peculiar to no one race or no one class, and that anyone, be he Caucasian, Mongolian or negro, is liable to it, if he lives in a place where it already exists and where the conditions are favorable to its

to prevent the malady spreading from Hong Kong, and so far it is satisfactory to note that Hong Kong, Canton and the surrounding districts are the only places where it has made its appearance. The disease begins by fevers and rigors, followed by swellings in the groins, armpits or neck; hence its name—Bubonic plague.

Death generally occurs in a few hours, but if the patient survives for two or three days the probabilities are that he will recover. The affection certainly arises from filth, and it is a curious fact that rats and other animals, and even the fish in polluted waters, are attacked before the malady spreads to human beings.

In Canton between seventy thousand and eighty thousand persons have died of the plague since the beginning of March, and things are assuming a most alarming aspect, for the people are simply wild with fear and threaten all sorts of persecutions to the foreigners, to whom, by some peculiar process of Chinese reasoning, they attribute the presence of the epidemic.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS ATTACKED.

Two American missionaries, women doctors belonging to an agency known as the Band of Brethren, were brutally attacked at Honam last week, and narrowly escaped with their lives. They are Miss Begler and Miss Halveston, both qualified medical practitioners. They were walking along the street when they observed a Chinaman fall down in front of them. They immediately rushed to render him what assistance they could, but unfortunately for themselves, the poor fellow died under their hands.

The crowd which had collected to watch the proceedings raised the cry that the foreign women had killed the man and attacked them in the most savage manner. Miss Begler was stabbed in the thigh, and both were hustled about, bruised and beaten and had their dresses torn.

Fortunately they managed to escape into the shop of a friendly Chinaman, who protected them until some foreigners arrived to their rescue.

The mob then threatened to burn down the mission house, but after a few hours the trouble subsided without further damage being done.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

A Young Boy Dies During an Electric Storm.

The Boy Had an Overpowering Dread of Lightning—This Fear of Electricity was Due to a Terrible Fright he Received Some Four Years Ago.

An Oswego despatch says: Eugene Clark, aged fifteen years and five months, son of James Clark, mason, of 72 East Schuyler street, was found dead by his mother about ten o'clock last evening in an outhouse attached to the premises.

Up to four years ago Eugene had always been an exceedingly strong and healthy youth, but at that time he met with an accident which has exercised a powerful influence over him ever since.

When he was about eleven years old he was playing in the fort grounds, when a terrific electric storm came up. The rain came down in torrents and the lad sought shelter in one of the target pits. Young Clark, who heretofore had never shown any timidity over lightning, received a shock which rendered him insensible. He was taken to Irwin & Sloan's malt house, where medical aid was summoned and the lad revived.

Ever since that time he has been subject to fits, especially when an electric storm was approaching. As the distant rumbling of the thunder rolled through the heavens and in the distance the vivid flashes of lightning revealed themselves through the clouds, a marked change could be seen coming over the lad. His face would turn ashen pale and a look of abject fear come into his eyes and he would tremble in every muscle. As the thunder drew nearer he would involuntarily stop his ears to shut out the sound and cover his face to shut out the sight of the lightning.

The extent to which he was subjected to this fear of the heavenly elements was demonstrated this spring, when so many terrific thunder storms swept over this section. One night he was in bed when one of the storms came up. A heavy crash was heard accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning. The boy was asleep but awoke with a start. The look of fright which came over the boy's face is said to have been a pitiful sight. He immediately went into convulsions, and it took several persons to hold him in bed.

He ate his supper as usual last evening and went to the corner of Eighth and

DEFENDED HER HOME.

Mary Immega Shot the Man Sought to Wrong Her.

HE IS NOW IN A HOSPITAL.

He Basely Urged Her to Poison Her Husband and Then Marry Him and Take Flight—Victim's Death Probable.

A New York despatch says: Pasquale So Giuliano lies at the point of death in St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, N. J., and Mary Russo Immega, who shot him, is a prisoner at the Second Precinct Police Station. The charge against her is that midnight was atrocious assault and battery with intent to kill.

Mary is a handsome Italian girl, 21 years old. She has been married since March. Before that time Pasquale had been intimate with her. He is only three years her senior, a tailor, who dresses well and is handsome without. As the two were neighbors they were often together. She lives at No. 18 Drift street and Pasquale lived next door. Last night, when Mary's husband was not at home, Pasquale visited her and expressed his intention of spending the evening with her. She entertained him and showed to him a new sewing machine. He sat down and sewed until bits of cloth. Then he wanted to visit a friend of his, but Mary, saying she loved her husband, told him he was good to her.

Mrs. Immega is in delicate health. Pasquale handed her a small package and package a few moments. Money fusal to go with him. It was long take the powder as he was long pour the contents looked at the husband's coat come out to see he would kill him. He told her he would be free to marry.

Mrs. Immega again referred to his plans, and Pasquale, in angry tone: "Well, if you do what I want you to do leave your band here and fly with me to vania."

"No, I will not," answered sharply, "and if you don't get out of here I'll have you thrown out."

Pasquale became angry. He grabbed the young woman and forced her backward towards the bed, meanwhile pulling a stiletto from his pocket. He attempted to stab her, but Mary fought like a tigress and the assailant dropped his weapon.

She succeeded in freeing herself and procured a 38-calibre revolver from a bureau drawer. Pasquale regained his weapon and followed her closely. He twice attempted to stab her.

SHOT HIM IN THE NECK.

Mary pulled the trigger of her revolver. The bullet entered Pasquale's mouth, pierced his neck and shattered his spinal column.

Detective Fallon and Policeman Walsh were quickly on the scene. Gasping for breath and dying, the wounded man was taken to St. Michael's Hospital, and Mrs. Immega was made a prisoner.

The pistol, with three empty chambers, and the bottle and package given by Pasquale to Mary, were secured by the police. The stuff will be examined this morning. Late last night I was told by the sister on duty at the hospital that Pasquale was still alive. No hope of his recovery is expressed.

WEARY OF LIFE.

An Italian Suicides at the Falls—A Buffalo Girl Tris It—A Missing Woman.

A yesterday's (Monday) Niagara Falls despatch says: A suicidal tendency struck a number here to-day. An Italian jumped into the hydraulic canal this afternoon and refused to be rescued. He paid no attention to the planks and ropes thrown him, and was drowned. His name was Giuseppe Druko. He was crazed through continuous debauch.

A Willoughby, Ont., lady was here looking for a sister, a Mrs. Patrick Gath, who disappeared recently with \$500 in money, and has not been seen. Foul play or suicide is feared. It is known that Mrs. Gath was very despondent when she left Willoughby. Mrs. Patterson, in giving a cause for her sister's disappearance, stated that about two months ago it was decided to sell the farm, though against the wishes of Mrs. Gath, who disliked very much to leave the old homeestead, saying that she would feel discouraged and homesick. Her hus-

The great reading room is the most conspicuous feature of the interior. Its plan of decoration makes provision for eight groups illustrating the several forms of the literary art, and under the emblematic designs are niches for 16 statues. The subjects for these—Mr. Spofford has selected as follows: Poetry, Homer and Shakespeare; art, Angelo and Beethoven; science, Newton and Henry; history, Herodotus and Gibbon; philosophy, Plato and Bacon; commerce, Columbus and Fulton; law, Solon and Blackstone; religion, Moses and St. Paul.

On the exterior of the building are alches for nine busts, and the subjects selected for these are Franklin, Demosthenes, Dante, Irving, Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott, Emerson, Hawthorne and Jothe.

The work of producing these statues and busts has been entrusted to a committee consisting of J. Q. A. Ward, Augustus St. Gaudens and Mr. Adams, who are to assign each subject to the sculptor they think will be able to do it best. The committee is responsible for the result, and has power to approve or disapprove the models. Gen. Casey, the Chief of Engineers, who has control of the construction of the building, has placed the entire matter in their hands with Mr. Spofford as literary critic.

MET AFTER 18 YEARS.

Happy Reunion of Brother and Sisters Under Singular Circumstances.

An Owosso, Mich., despatch says: Eighteen years ago Jennie Finch, a girl of 10, was stolen from her home in Grand Rapids by a band of gypsies, and after fruitless search she was mourned as dead. Her mother died and the family scattered, brother and sister moving here. She discovered her relatives here yesterday and relates some thrilling experiences. The leader of the gypsies who stole her was Bartley Gorman, who was afterwards hung for killing his wife. He once gave the girl a kick which nearly an edh death. While she was in a critical condition, from the wound, the gypsy applied the lash. Her screams were heard by an officer, who liberated her. She was taken to the hospital at Quincy, Ill., to New York and Cincinnati, but he has never entirely recovered from the injury. Seven years ago she left the hospital and afterwards married a mason named D'Kee. They now live in Cincinnati. Last week she visited Grand Rapids in search of her relatives, who she learned were all dead. When she found her brother and sister yesterday it was a most happy re-union.

A SNAKE IN HIS TROUSERS.

Did Not Care to Occupy Them With a Deadly Copperhead.

A Woodbridge, N. J., despatch says: David Ayres, of this place, had a thrilling experience last night which he will not forget to his dying day. For the past week he has been engaged in painting the barn of Peter Nelson, at Ford's Corners, three miles from here. At noon he took off his trousers and donned a pair of overalls. The trousers were thrown carelessly on a pile of hay.

When he returned to the barn at nightfall to don his trousers he was somewhat surprised to find something obstructed his progress. He gave a fierce tug, and was horror-struck to see a large copperhead snake poise his head out of the waistband. He got out of the trousers as quickly as possible, and fled, calling for help.

The snake disappeared in the hay, and later when Nelson went out to the barn he found his pet spaniel Tip, lying dead. The dog had attempted to drive the snake out and had lost its life. The body was swollen to abnormal size from the effects of the poison.

TWO UNFORTUNATES.

"I am going home," said a man on the street this afternoon. "I have been trying for several days to see my wife, and I see by the papers that she is to be 'at home' this afternoon." This unfortunate man must have been married to a relative of the woman whose small daughter complained that she would like to be an "orphan," because she loved to be with her mamma, and she never could enjoy that pleasure unless she was an inmate of one of these large establishments where her charitable mother spent most of her time.

This is how the Empress Eugenie describes herself: "Marie Eugenie, Countess de Pierrefond, widow; aged sixty-seven; born at Granada, in Spain; naturalized French."

cular to no one race or no one class, and that anyone, be he Caucasian, Mongolian or negro, is liable to it, if he lives in a place where it already exists and where the conditions are favorable to its development. Up to the present the official returns estimate the mortality from plague in Hong Kong at 2,600, but there can be no doubt that at least three times that number of persons have died from the affection since it first made its appearance in the colony.

CHINESE BECAME PANIC-STRICKEN.

The state of the once prosperous island is simply awful, and the appearance of the city reminds one of nothing more than the descriptions we read of those places in Europe visited by the black death in mediaeval times. One of the first things, of course, the Chinese did, when the epidemic began to assume alarming proportions, was to get panic-stricken.

Those who had the means commenced to leave the colony in thousands, and those who were forced to remain, for want of the wherewithal to get away from the stricken port, resorted to native jugglery and "joss-piggin" in order to check the spread of the malady, and in their stupid ignorance and obstinacy combined to resist the authorities and prevent them from carrying into effect the more rational and scientific methods of the European.

BURNING INFECTED QUARTERS.

The hospital hulk, Hygeia, lying in the middle of the harbor, was cleared out and made ready for the reception and isolation of plague patients; two other hulls were pressed into the service and similarly prepared; hospitals were erected at Pokfulam, Kennedytown and other places; a rigorous system of inspection was instituted; Chinese interference rigorously shut down upon; all persons found suffering from plague symptoms were at once removed to the hospitals, in spite of the resistance of their relatives, and all houses in which cases of plague had occurred were thoroughly disinfected, and clothing and bedding of the patients burned.

Last of all the Government has resolved and carried out a measure which, if it was a little heroic, has been amply justified by the good results that have followed, in the marked decrease of the plague since the course referred to has been carried out.

I allude to the burning down of Taipingshan, a district the fifth of which could hardly be conceived by those who have never seen for themselves the unspeakable abominations of a slum in an Eastern seaport. The denizens of Taipingshan are all either poor, wretched coolies, pirates, thieves or gamblers. It is, or was, for, happily, the slum ~~is~~ no longer, populated only by the desperately poor and desperately wicked classes.

The land and buildings were owned largely by foreigners, but the houses were all sublet to Chinese, who used them as lodging houses, gambling dens, brothels, opium dives, or low drinking houses.

SEEN TO DROP DEAD IN THE STREET.

When the epidemic was at its height, and even still, people may be seen to drop down dead in the streets. The foreign residents have faced the emergency like heroes. Comparatively few of them have deserted the colony, and nearly every one of them has lent a hand in the noble work of trying to stamp out the disease.

The ladies of the place have formed an ambulance corps and may be seen going about the street wearing the red cross on their arms; they are in the thick of the fight and when the history of Hong Kong comes to be written a proud place must be given to the ladies who so bravely came forward in the plague year 1894.

All the foreign firms in the colony have given liberal donations, chiefly in the shape of whiskey and cigars, the preventives recommended by the Sanitary Board, to the men engaged in the house to house visitation. The scenes in the hospitals, where the patients under treatment are necessarily very crowded, are too horrifying to dwell upon.

BURIED IN TRENCHES.

When a person dies he is set aside with the other corpses until the death cart comes round to fetch the heap away. The dead are buried in trenches filled with quicklime, and every grave is numbered, so that the relatives of the victims may know where their friends are laid to rest and offer sacrifice to their manes, if they wish to, when order is once more restored to the distracted colony.

Every possible precaution is being taken at Shanghai and the other ports

look of fright which came over the boy's face is said to have been a pitiful sight. He immediately went into convulsions, and it took several persons to hold him in bed.

He ate his supper as usual last evening and went to the corner of Eighth and Schuyler streets, and joined several of his companions who were congregated there. About 9:30 a thunder storm was seen coming up and young Clark started for home. He went into an outhouse, and while there the thunder commenced to roar and the vivid flashes of lightning to illuminate the heavens. As usual, he became frightened and was thrown into convulsions. About ten o'clock Mrs. Clark, who had heard her son enter the yard, took a lamp and made a search of the premises. She attempted to push open the door of the outhouse but only succeeded in partially doing so. The rays of the lamp shone inside and she saw her son lying on the floor close to the door. Mrs. Clark called her husband who tried to open the door, but to no avail. Procuring a crowbar he attacked the side of the building and tore down the side, and there saw his son lying partially doubled up. He took him into the house and Coroner Vowinkle was summoned this morning. After thoroughly investigating the matter he decided that the boy came to his death through fright and declared an inquest unnecessary.

LORD ABERDEEN'S ESTATES.

Before the Royal Commission on Agriculture, presided over by Mr. Shaw Leffevre, Mr. George Muirhead, factor for Lord Aberdeen's estates in Aberdeenshire in the course of his evidence, said that the acreage of Lord Aberdeen's estate was 53,000 acres, the rental being about £40,000 a year. Since 1872 Lord Aberdeen had spent over £200,000 in improvements on the estate. In 1880 £21,000 was returned to the tenants, owing to the disastrous season of 1879; in 1880 £5,000 was returned; and in 1892 £2,000. In 1886 a revaluation was offered to every tenant, and to those who accepted it brought a reduction of about 22 per cent., but nothing like all the tenants asked for a revision. The new rents under the revision were to stand for five years. In 1890 these rents were raised 11 per cent. All the tenants were under lease. He gave details of the number of years' rent at £18s. an acre, which it took to equip holdings of different sizes, ranging from £120 for holdings of five acres to £2,300 for holdings of 500 acres. He had at least 100 applications for farms lying in his office to-day. The interests which came to be let were generally let for less than some applicants were willing to give. Judging from the regularity with which rents were paid, he had no reason to suppose that the agricultural depression was felt in Aberdeenshire. His opinion was that the depression existing generally was due to the contraction of the currency and the consequent appreciation of gold. The only remedy he could suggest was an addition to the supply of gold.—Scottish American Journal.

REMEDY FOR IVY POISON.

Procure from the drug or other stores where they are sold a small bottle of little sugar pills, labeled "Rhus tox." A "hair of the dog that bit you" will cure you. Take six of the little pills at one dose, four doses the first day—morning, noon, evening and bedtime. The next day the itching will be mollified a degree. The second and third day take three doses, of six pills each dose. You will, by this time, be so free from irritation that you may carelessly take a few pills until nature heals up the sores. So soon as the healing begins be very chary of taking many of the pills, as they will, in excess of requirement, produce an intolerable, though harmless, itching over the whole body. The writer, poisoned on an average four to six times a year, finds this remedy a permanent check on the first appearance of poisoning symptoms.—Scientific American.

SIZING HIM UP.

The sedate, smooth-shaven, carefully-attired young Sunday school superintendent from Englewood sat down in the chair provided by the bootblack.

"I want a good shine, my boy," he said. "I'm a little particular about my shoes."

"You bet," responded the urchin, heartily, as he opened his box of implements and began operations. "I'm onto all dat. You sportin' men's de most p'tickler customers we've got."

MISINTERPRETED.

Sociable German (to waiter)—Wie gehts?

Hasty Waiter (yelling towards the kitchen)—Wheat cakes!

Sociable German—Nein! Nein!

Hasty Waiter—You'll be lucky if you get three!

disappearance, stated that about two months ago it was decided to sell the farm, though against the wishes of Mrs. Gath, who disliked very much to leave the old homestead, saying that she would feel discouraged and homesick. Her husband, Patrick Gath, to whom she had been married about nine months, and her infant child died shortly after the sale of the farm, and this added to the lonesomeness of Mrs. Gath. The purchase money was shortly after paid over by the purchaser, Mr. Slater, and Mrs. Gath was given her share, \$500. She soon disappeared, and with her the money, without giving any explanation or saying word of her intentions, and no trace of her has since been found. The missing woman was employed off and on in Lawyer German's office in Niagara Falls, Ont., and is spoken of as a very intelligent person.

The passengers on the steamer Wm. Harrison, when it arrived at Schlosser dock this afternoon, on the American side, on its trip from Buffalo, were treated to a rather sensational scene free of charge. A young girl, apparently about 17 or 18 years of age, and rather pretty, who had come down from Buffalo, accompanied by her mother, was suddenly seized with a suicidal mania, and wanted to throw herself into the water and end her suffering. The mother called for assistance, and after some difficulty the daughter was quieted down and prevailed to get on the boat again and go home.

A human body was seen in the whirlpool yesterday. It appeared to be that of a woman. The hair is gone from the head, and the color indicates that it is far decomposed, as if it had lain in water two weeks or more. As the body kept circling in the centre of the whirlpool it was impossible to secure it. This morning it was not visible.

WATER PIPE ON FIRE.

When the Water Was Turned Off the Pipe Got Red Hot.

Harry Kotschinovsky, a tailor, his family and assistants live in a house in Baltimore, which since Saturday has been so full of electricity that the occupants have decided that the habitation is not a safe one.

Saturday night just as Mrs. Kotschinovsky was about to use an iron wash basin she touched a spigot. A blue blaze shot out and at the same moment she received a shock that nearly paralyzed her. When she recovered the bones of her limbs she hurried down stairs, where she found the other farmers of hurrying out of their rooms. Front were shooting from waterworks. President B. the house.

The display lasted ~~about~~ 15 minutes. The water was experienced until Sunday morning, when the same thing occurred. Then decided to call in a plumber to turn off the water, and in that way also stop the current. With the aid of rubber gloves he succeeded in stopping the flow of water. No sooner were the pipes empty than they became red hot and began to melt. New pipes were put in yesterday, and later in the day the water was again turned on. Last night streaks of blue again played around the pipes, but only for a few minutes. This morning the same thing occurred, and this time set fire to the woodwork. The blaze, however, was quickly extinguished. The people are now looking for another house.

The only explanation of the freak is that two trolley lines pass the house, front and rear, and besides a number of electric wires are strung in the immediate vicinity. It is supposed they communicate with the water-pipes, and these in turn become heavily charged.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS AND COURSES.

A lady, whose business calls her into the city every day, says a London exchange, complains in a daily paper very bitterly, and we think a little unjustly, of the treatment which women receive from the city men who flock to town by the morning trains. The way in which great strong men and youths fight and struggle for places, and in some cases even endeavor to exclude lady passengers, is simply disgraceful, she thinks, while as for any spark of good manners or chivalry, it is hopeless to expect it. We fear greatly that the competition of women in business has rather brought about the state of things of which she complains, and that there are many men who, finding themselves rivaled by the opposite sex, resent it to the degree of refusing to accord its members the little courtesies to which they have been accustomed.

WID COREA THE BONE

Which China and Japan are
THE Fighting About.

THE POOR, HENPECKED KING

The Tributes Paid to the Two
Rival Powers.

ISS OF THE COREAN WOMEN,

the Marriage and Other Curious
Customs

AT THE CAPITAL

is very little visited by Euro-
peans but fortunately one of those who
ex-
am-
erit
the
Marriage and Other Curious
Customs

an
Unter den Linden recently published by
Rug de Rivoli. Son, under the title of
Sacred White Moun-
tains

is a large flat
broken, covered the seat
grain and stuborous

of shops and de-

J. FRIE universe con-

post-office,

Baritone Suchot

also

River Han

open for Concert Engages, 30,000 houses,

son about 250,000,

Terms on All walls, an area of

as much as the heart

NOTICE more so, Paris is

It is the object of

Human to live in the

BLOWS The

TEASURER AND VICE

is of attainment; the chances

of being favorite posts by judicious

flattery and canvassing of superiors

and the native and foreign produce

is procured. There is to be found

throughout head of official corruption

and 'flattery,' for every member of

the born class spends his time in

securing his share of the loaves and

fishes of dishonesty (in a European

sense) where lives the King, the Lord of

the two 00 Islands, the Son of Heaven,

the Father of his people; the Sun of

royal is felt to vivify and illuminate

each inhabitant of Soul, he ever so

hum. The contempt shown for pro-

vince life by all officials and every

Soul, the man is most amusing, and

many were the lamentations we sub-

sequently heard from town-bred men,

obliged to live elsewhere, over their

sad and uninteresting existences. The

acceptance of offices in the provinces is

merely a means to an end—that is, the

amassing of wealth, which may be

spent on the pleasures of life in the

capital of Corea. The darkest side of

the picture lies in the crowded collection

of houses, swarming with human

(and insect) life, absolutely devoid of even elementary sanitation; where

THE USE OF SOAP AND WATER

is confined to a few of the higher

classes; where disease and vice have

lived in close partnership for several

hundred years; where dishonesty and op-

pression are carried to their utmost lim-

its; where torture and cruelty exercise

full sway; and where private and politi-

cal intrigues hamper and hinder any

important improvement in, or amelioration

of, the conditions of life of the

great bulk of the community. But the

King is father of his people, and as such

the persons and property of his subjects

are absolutely at the mercy of his paternal will. . . . The King is a mere

puppet in the hands of his Queen, a

strong-minded woman, whose relatives

and adherents fill almost every appoint-

ment. The Queen only tolerates one

wife—that is, herself—and should she

detest His Majesty intriguing with

either of the palace ladies, the wretched

female is promptly degraded and des-

patched to some remote district, or else

succumbs to some rapid and mysterious

at one end or side of the house; thence numerous flues under the mud floor conduct the smoke and hot air to an upright chimney or a hole in the wall at the opposite end or side, and very little fire suffices to thoroughly heat a large house. The Chinese 'kang' is on the same principle, but the flue forms a raised bench along one side of the room. I was not surprised, later on, to find that coughs and colds were very common, for an indoor temperature between 70 degrees and 80 degrees, and an outdoor one of 0 degrees, form very trying extremes. Moreover, the constant warmth serves to keep alive the numerous flies, fleas, bugs and cockroaches with which most of the houses swarm." The principal feature of the Corean house, which Captain Cavendish describes, made of wattie and daub between rough-hewn uprights, and with a mud floor covered with straw mats, was that the roof timbers were out of all proportion heavier than the uprights, though they only had to support the lightest thatch.

THE WOMEN

seem to be much worse off than they are in Japan from the account of Corean women and their costume. "The dress of the lower order of native women consists of a very loose pair of trousers or long drawers of native cloth or Manchester sheeting, reaching to the ankles and fastened round the waist by a cord. Over this is a petticoat of the same material, reaching to the calf. On the shoulders is a jacket with sleeves, which covers the chest, but is so short that it leaves the breasts exposed to view. This peculiar dress often caused shocks to our feelings by exposing to our view terrible sores on the breasts, sometimes dressed with a blue ointment, but more often neglected. North of Won-San we did not observe nearly so many sores, though the dress still afforded the same facilities for doing so. Girls of a marriageable age (when one sees them, which is not often, as they are kept in seclusion) have a sort of belt round their bodies hiding their breasts. The women plait their hair into tails, which are then wound round the head. Of feminine dress of the higher class I know nothing, as they are kept carefully SECLUDED FROM MASCULINE VIEW;

and even of the peasantry I saw but very few girls between 12 and 16, and those only in the remoter districts. The female Corean, to a western eye, is hideous, even in childhood, though the boys are often very handsome, as, indeed, are a few men. The woman in Corea is merely a useful machine to provide for the wants of the man. Marriage is a bargain, and chastity is expected only from the wife. The husband may keep concubines or indulge in other forms of vice, but the wife must be chaste under pain of death; her part is to bear children, to rise early, to get to bed late, to keep the fields, gardens, house and stables in order, and, in short, to be a woman-of-all-work. What wonder that, among the laboring classes, they become wrinkled and hag-like at an early age!"

The women do all the labor in the fields, and in some other respects the men seem more effeminate than they do, as one can gather from these fashions for men. "He (the Prefect of Kap-San) had in his suite two good-looking boys of eighteen, who had

MAGNIFICENT QUEUES

of black hair, which we admired, but learned that their size was due to the false hair plaited in. A Corean, until he becomes engaged to be married, wears his hair in a pigtail without any head covering, but after that important occasion, which takes place as early in life as his parents can conveniently arrange for, he has his head partly shaved and his hair twisted up into a knot on the top of his head, and can wear one of the numerous hats for masculine ornament. One of our 'Wapus' discharged

at Kap-San was an unattached bachelor, and, although forty years of age, wore a boy's pigtail. On the other hand, we saw several children of nine or ten years of age wearing the marriage top-knot. The Prefect, whose name was Hang-Nan-Yeung, came from Soul, and told us he lived only for the time when he could get back there; his nominal salary was 9,000 cash a month, or about £20 a year; but then he lived at the expense of his district, the inhabitants supplying him with all the necessities of life."

THE FIRST HANGING.

John Billington, Who Came in the Mayflower, Was Executed for Murder.

John Billington (then spelled Billinton) was executed for murder in 1630. In the enumeration of the Mayflower passengers made by one of their number,

"WHERE AM I AT?"

That is What Eugene Suhrer Wants to Know.

Is He His Own Father-in-Law or His Own Son-in-Law?—Married His Former Wife's Daughter—Now a Lawsuit.

A New York despatch says: Just what relation Eugene Suhrer, of Westfield, Mass., is to himself is one of the questions the Supreme Court of this city will be called upon to settle at the next term. It does not seem to be altogether clear whether Suhrer is his own son-in-law or his own father-in-law, or neither.

This complicated question of relationship arises incidentally to a suit which Mr. Suhrer has begun in the Supreme Court against Mrs. Catherine Suhrer, of No. 16 Cannon street, to recover \$20,000 damages for the alienation of his wife's affections.

The beginning of the story out of which the queer marital complication arises dates away back to 1850, when Miss Catherine Faush came to this country to seek a fortune and a husband. Nine years after her arrival she married Philip Sonn, a man of considerable means. Sonn, it is claimed, began to drink to excess soon after his marriage, and was later confined in an insane asylum as a result of his dissipations.

About 1868, Sonn was released from the asylum and immediately went to Europe, and, according to the allegations in the suit, his wife has not heard of him since.

Mrs. Sonn had three children, two boys and a girl, Catherine, as a result of this marriage.

Shortly after the departure of her husband for Europe Mrs. Sonn made the acquaintance of Eugene Suhrer, and despite the fact that she had received no evidence of the death of her husband it is alleged that she married Suhrer in 1876. Three children were also born to this second marriage.

About 1878, it is alleged, Suhrer began an action in the Supreme Court of this city to have the marriage annulled on the ground that his wife's first husband was living when she married him. The suit did not come to trial and it was never disposed of.

In the meantime Mrs. Suhrer's daughter had grown up to be a very beautiful girl, and Suhrer decided that he would rather have the daughter for his wife than the mother, and accordingly the daughter and Suhrer eloped to Westfield, Mass., where, it is alleged, they lived as man and wife for several years.

About five years ago Mrs. Suhrer, it is alleged, ascertained that her daughter and former husband were living together in Massachusetts. She went there and brought a criminal action against Suhrer for his relations with her daughter. Suhrer entered the defense that his married a legal husband living, and was married to Mrs. Suhrer occurred when she therefore not binding. The criminal action against Suhrer was dismissed, and a short time afterwards Suhrer married Catherine, the daughter of his former wife, with whom he had eloped.

Again Suhrer became the happy father of three children. The married life of the Suhrs did not prove a happy one, and last January Mrs. Suhrer, with her three children, left her husband and came to live with her mother in this city. When Suhrer found out where his wife was he came to this city and began the suit against his mother-in-law and former wife.

When Mr. Friend was seen by an Evening World reporter he said that he regretted exceedingly that the case had become public.

"I will not say a word regarding the mother," said Mr. Friend. "My client is a most estimable lady, and it would be very distasteful to her if I should discuss this matter for publication."

HIS AGED FLAME.

A Young Londoner Who Loved a Grandmother.

A QUEER CONSPIRACY CASE.

A London, Ont., despatch says: A sensational case came before Squire J. B. Smyth in the Interim Sessions room, when Viola Fellows, a married woman of 50 years, and Samuel Jeffrey, a young

SO THEY LIVED APART.

Reasons Why Many Divorces Have Been Granted.

One Man's Wife Would Not Go Walking With Him Sundays—John Hunter's Wife Gave an Unfortunate Party—La Bruyere Was Somewhat Cynical of His Estimate of the Married Condition—Wives, He Said, Give Their Husbands Daily Cause for Regret—Grounds for Separation.

We have heard a great deal in recent years, says the Chicago Times, about the shocking ease with which in this country the marriage tie can be legally dissolved, but some of the cases in the latest law reports from the different States show that the half has never been told, and that, so far as the law goes, all of us have given our respective wives or husbands all the standing in a divorce court they could desire.

Had Mr. Socrates been wed in these happy days the divorce courts would have prevented Mme. Xantippe from pouring more than one bucketful of slop upon his offending head. At all events in a neighboring state the husband complained of the cruelty of his wife, and to sustain it proved that she had hit him in the face with her bustle, and the court thought that such a ignominy entitled him to a divorce.

In another case the husband complained that his wife would not walk with him Sundays, and that she was forever trying to make him lose his temper; that on one occasion she

HEAVED A TEAPOT AT HIM and hit him squarely on the jaw, and at another time she jerked out a bunch of his hair, which was filed as an exhibit in the case. He got his divorce. As did also another wretched benighted, who complained that his wife took all the covering off the bed and left him to shiver until morning, and that when he remonstrated with her she jumped on him with her knees and ran a needle into his arm.

It is related of John Hunter, the famous English anatomist, that he came home one evening and found the house full of company, dancing. He waited in the middle of the room and looked savagely around: "I knew nothing of this kickup and ought to have been informed. As I have returned home for the purpose of study, I hope the present company will at once retire," which they did. A Missouri husband took a more polite way of disposing of unwelcome company. He came into court and complained that although he had been a good and loving husband for twenty-five years, nevertheless "his wife, rudely and maliciously designing and conspiring to DISTURB HIS PEACE

and comfort," had recently become a convert to spiritualism, and had caused his home to become a resort for strange men, principally drummers, whose presence was not congenial to him. The court agreed with him, and said he might take unto himself another wife.

La Bruyere, when asked his experience as to marriage, replied: "Few wives are so perfect that they do not give their husbands cause at least once a day to repent of matrimony." His opinion was confirmed by the testimony of an equally positive, though perhaps less noted husband, who swore he would rather go to hell than live another day with his spouse, and the court respected his preference. That was in a Western State, but the eastern courts have been equally lenient, and husbands have been given their liberty for apparently the most trifling causes. One, because his wife pulled him out of bed by the whiskers; another because his wife refused to keep his clothing in repair and never sewed on any of his buttons or cooked his meals properly—in this case one of the witnesses testified that he had seen the plaintiff with

ONLY ONE BUTTON TO HIS VEST.

Plaintiff also testified that his wife would not allow him to go to fires at night, and that if he went she kept him awake the remainder of the night quarreling. In another case the wife took a dose of laudanum, "solely to harass and vex plaintiff, and not at all for practical purposes," thus giving plaintiff much mental anxiety and causing him to expend large amounts of money for medical services; and often, to vex this plaintiff, she would go to bed and remain there for days at a time and

wife, that is, herself—and should she detect His Majesty intriguing with either of the palace ladies, the wretched female is promptly degraded and despatched to some remote district, or else succumbs to some rapid and mysterious illness."

The King has now quite a respectable income, as much, probably, as our Prince of Wales, but he is expected to carry on the business of the country with it. This is, however,

GENERALLY CARRIED ON ON CREDIT.

Captain Cavendish gives an amusing instance of how the money goes. Forced somewhat to keep pace with modern ideas, the King started a Royal Hospital, and when a foreign physician visited it he found that, although not a single patient had been admitted, during the nine months it had been opened, yet thirty-two "chousses" (secretaries) and thirty servants, with all their families, were living on the premises! Also, in the progressive mood a Royal College was started, and a foreigner was obtained to teach in it; but after he had been there two years he was told he was no longer wanted, as native teachers now knew enough to do without him. Then came the problem, What was to be done with the deposed pedagogue? It was solved thus wise: The Government kept him on for three years, at double salary, but with no duties."

COREA IS SO FERTILE AND RICH in metals that, if the Government of the country gave it a chance, the people with their simple wants might be very well off. Here are some of the products of Corea: The fertility of this valley surprised us, for we had been told that Coreans cultivated as little ground as possible: but here were rice fields in endless succession, giving promise of a good harvest, though the quality of the rice is not equal to the Japanese; excellent hemp in patches beside the numerous small hamlets of two to six houses which we passed, each patch enough for the requirements of the owners, with a small margin for trading purposes; tobacco 7 or 8 feet high, with long coarse leaves, bearing witness to the want of care in its cultivation; while castor-oil plants bordered the garden plots of chilies. IN THE MATED turnips, which yg den, laach house or collection of GE WIDOW. Adm of the small mill-section 36, of th, substitute for Notice is hereby given, to all persons who have been punished for misdeeds before, being one of ye profanest families amongst them. They came from London, and I know not by what friends shuffled into their company. His facte was, that he waylaid a young man, one John New-comin (about a former quarele), and shot him with a gun, whereof he dyed."

The ancient Hubbard, in his "History of New England," says: "The murderer expected that, either for want of power to execute for capital offences, or for want of people to increase the plantations, he (Billington) should have his life spared; but just otherwise determined, and rewarded him, the first murderer of his neighbor there, with the deserved punishment of death for a warning to others."

The criminal seems to have been a troublesome fellow in the settlement, for the first offenses committed in the colony was by Billington, in 1621, who, for contempt of the captain's lawful command, with approprioious speeches, was adjudged to have his neck and heels tied together."

BOWER, WAS EXECUTED FOR MURDER.

John Billington (then spelled Billington) was executed for murder in 1630. In the enumeration of the Mayflower passengers made by one of their number, Gov. William Bradford, is the following entry:

"John Billington, and Elen, his wife; and 2 sons, John & Francis."

In 1650, or thirty years subsequent to the landing of the Mayflower, Gov. Bradford, in taking a view of the decreasings and increasings of these persons, such changes as hath passed over them & theirs, in this thirty years, refers to John Billington in these words:

"John Billington, after he had been here 10 years, was executed for killing a man; and his eldest son dyed before him; but his 2 sons are alive and married, & hath 8 children."

Gov. Bradford, in his "History of Plymouth Plantation," thus refers to the circumstances attending Billington's crime, trial and execution:

"This year (1630) John Billington, ye elder (one that came over with ye first), was arraigned, and both by grand and petit jury found guilty of willful murder, by plaine and notorious evidence, and was for the same accordingly executed. This, as it was ye first execution amongst them, so it was a matter of great sadness unto them. They used all due means about his triale, and tooke ye advice of Mr. Winthrop and others ye ablest gentlemen in ye Bay of ye Massachusetts, and were then new-ly come over, who concured with them yt he ought to die, and ye land be purged from blood. He and some of his had often been punished for miscarriages before, being one of ye profanest families amongst them. They came from London, and I know not by what friends shuffled into their company. His facte was, that he waylaid a young man, one John New-comin (about a former quarele), and shot him with a gun, whereof he dyed."

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A DEATHBED MARRIAGE.

A Dying Father eager to See His Daughter Wedded.

A Canandaigua despatch says: Alfred W. Alverson died Saturday morning of paralysis of the heart. Mr. Alverson was 64 years old, and had lain at the point of death for several weeks past. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and also of the A. O. U. W.

A remarkable incident attended Mr. Alverson's last hours. On the evening before he died he rallied from an unconscious state for a few minutes and faintly told his attendants that before he died he would like to see his only daughter, Cora, married. She had been engaged to Mr. Dunlop, of Victor, for some time, and the couple were to have been married previously, but the wedding day was postponed, owing to Mr. Alverson's illness. His request was granted, and in a short time the Rev. J. W. Hill, of the Presbyterian Church, arrived and, in the presence of the physicians attending Mr. Alverson and a few friends by the dying man's bedside, he performed the ceremony.

TO MIX MUSTARD

Mix mustard with water that has been boiled and allowed to cool; hot water destroys its essential properties. Put the mustard in a cup with a small pinch of salt, and mix with it very gradually sufficient boiled water to make it drop from the spoon without being watery. Stir and rub smooth; then add to a teaspoonful of mustard two tablespoonfuls of good sharp vinegar and a scant teaspoonful of sugar.

A teaspoonful of horse-radish or tarragon vinegar may be added to the above if liked, or mustard may be flavored with celery or shallots, though it is not customary in this country to add any flavoring to mustard, the flavor of the mustard itself being considered

A QUEER CONSPIRACY CASE.

A London, Ont., despatch says: A sensational case came before Squire J. B. Smyth in the Interim Sessions room, when Viola Fellows, a married woman of 50 years, and Samuel Jeffrey, a young man of 20, appeared to answer the charge of conspiracy to injure Adin Fellows, husband of the female prisoner, and also stealing a quantity of furniture.

Adin Fellows lives in London West, and until recently his wife resided with him, the prisoner Jeffrey boarding with them. About two weeks ago Adin was locked up for being drunk, and on being released found his house closed, his wife, the two children, the boarder and the furniture having disappeared. A short search located young Jeffrey, Mrs. Fellows, the children and the belongings in a small house on the 13th concession of London.

At the preliminary examination to-day it came out that the husband was kept supplied with beer by the pair, and that he was also dosed with morphine pills when he was inclined to be troublesome.

The drayman who moved Fellows' furniture gave testimony, and other witnesses showed that Jeffrey and Mrs. Fellows passed as brother and sister while they lived together.

A most ludicrous love letter, supposed to have been written by the youth to Mrs. Fellows (who, by the way, is a grandmother) is among the documents in the case. Prisoners were committed for trial.

ASSAULTED BY THREE FRIENDS.

A Young Girl Kidnapped and Outraged by a Trio of Ruffians.

A New York despatch says: Elizabeth Schmidt, a good-looking 10-year-old German girl, who is unable to speak English, was found this afternoon, wandering about near West Farms in a half-dazed condition. She was taken to the police station, where she told a story that would be hard to believe were it not borne out by the confession of one of the persons whom she accuses.

The girl said that she lived with her uncle, Henry Mayer. On Friday afternoon she went to West Farms with him to see a friend. While Mayer was in the shop she wandered a short distance along the road. A man approached her and asked her to take a walk with him. She declined and turned back, whereupon two other men confronted her.

Before she could make any outcry they seized her and bore her into the bushes. She struggled to get free, but two of the men held her while the third gagged her. Then the three took her to an unoccupied house, where they assaulted her.

William E. Sherwood, a West Farms carpenter, was arrested to-day, and admitted the truth of the girl's story. He confessed his part in the crime. Christopher Bischoff and Henry Murfitt have also been locked up. They admit having been with Sherwood and the Schmidt girl.

MODERN PROVERBS AND WISE BITS.

An idle man hurts any cause.

Only the vulgar are overpolite.

Good service is generally silent.

Labor's capital draws no interest.

The pennies take care of the dollars.

Good manners require no interpreter.

It is easier to lose ten jobs than to find one.

Laws made for the few steal from the many.

Only a thief's title goes with what one finds.

One-man dogmas have founded many creeds.

There is much pointed argument in a bayonet.

Even the thunder growls at the weather clerk.

Pirates' treasures are hidden in credulous skulls.

The man with no feet has a right to do the most kicking.

Most any man will take advice if there's medicine in it.

The tallest being on earth is the boy in his first pair of boots.

Will some one please name a greater evangelist than the inventor of soap?

Man combines the traits of all the other animals, and is often the biggest brute in the whole lot.

The versatility and verbosity of gab which says the same thing in many ways is often mistaken for oratory.

Fanny Crosby, the blind Methodist hymn writer, is now 70 years of age. She has written about 8,000 Sunday school hymns, many of which are widely known. She was born at South East, N. Y., in 1828, and lost her sight when six weeks old through the ignorant application of a warm poultice to her

eyes, plaintiff, and not at all for practical purposes, thus giving plaintiff much purpose, thus giving plaintiff much mental anxiety and causing him to expend large amounts of money for medical services; and often, to vex plaintiff, she would go to bed, and remain there for days at a time, and upon one occasion when he asked her to cook breakfast she was so enraged at the suggestion that she took up all the dishes and smashed them on the kitchen floor. Once, too, she buried all the dinner dishes out of the window because plaintiff sowed grass seed in August.

Another case is reported which may serve as a valuable precedent, in due course of time, for a certain notorious congressman, for the court granted the husband a divorce because it was shown that on the day before the wedding the wife's brother "was

AFTER HIM WITH A PISTOL.

Another victim alleges that on his bridal trip from New York defendant met a German on the train with whom she fell in love at sight; that she sat on the same seat with said German all the way to Chicago, kissing him and entwined in his arms. This conduct caused the plaintiff great mental anguish, "whereon he filed his bill of complaint and asks for such relief as he may be entitled to in the premises." He got it.

The same courts have granted husbands relief because their wives refused to awake them in time for work; because they threw scalding tea in their faces; because "defendant has almost driven plaintiff crazy with incessant quarreling when he is weary with his day's labor and wishes to sleep," because "defendant violently upbraided plaintiff and said to him 'you are no man at all,' thus causing him great mental anguish and suffering," because "defendant belonged to a peculiar sect called 'the Brotherhood of the New Life,' one of whose tenets was that a man should not hold marital relations with his wife unless given a permit to do so by the chief of the sect."

Husband had applied for such permit from the chief, who not only refused it, but, on the contrary, forbade the wife from staying with him for three years.

MISCELLANEOUS CAUSES.

If the courts appeared to have been unnecessarily merciful to men blessed with undesirable wives, what shall be said of the gallant readiness with which they have acceded to the demands of wives weary of their husbands. Divorces have been granted to the wife: Because husband slept with a razor under his pillow.

Because husband abused her for having the toothache and getting her tooth pulled.

Because after twenty-seven years of married life husband said to her "you are old and worn out; I do not want you any longer."

Because she had to black husband's boots while he made love to his mother-in-law.

Because husband drank paregoric by the bottle and thereby grieved plaintiff in body and mind.

Because husband made wife eat when she was not hungry and threw a skillet of hot potatoes at her.

Because husband used tobacco and aggravated her sick headache.

Because husband threatened to "knock her d—d head off" for not keeping chickens out of the kitchen.

Because "defendant, by force and arms" cut off plaintiff's bangs.

Because husband pinched her nose until it became red, causing her great mortification and anguish.

Because husband never cut his toe nails, "causing plaintiff to be scratched very severely every night, especially as he was restless."

Because defendant refused to let her go to church.

Because husband after marriage never offered to take her out riding as he did in his courting days.

Because defendant was always quoting verses from the Bible about wives obeying their husbands.

Because husband wrote plaintiff a letter saying: "If you love me, Mary, or ever did love me, you will do me the kindness to sue for a divorce as soon as possible. There is a woman here whom I think I could love."

Miss B.—, to spite her guardian and get control of her property as a widow, went to a hospital and married a man supposed to be dying. The man failed to die and she brought suit for cruelty and fraud. It was not granted where applied for, though in some States there would have been no difficulty.

The thickness of a hair from the human head varies from 1-250 to 1-600 part of an inch. Red hair is the coarsest and blonde hair the finest.

A MAN AT THE SUMMER RESORT.
I do not know a marlin-spike from spin-
aker or boom;
I do know yachts have cabins, 'stead of
halls and dining-rooms';
But keels and centreboards and tacks,
and all such things, to me
Are one great aggregated lump of purest
mystery.

I do not know a nocturne from an ora-
torio;
The difference 'twixt a trumpet, a trom-
bone and piccolo

I never knew; in fact, I must confess, I
really can't
Deny, that in all music I am very igno-
rant.

A sonnet, far as I'm concerned, can have
ten thousand lines;

I have no notion what it is that poetry
combines,

I can't converse on topics that most peo-
ple read about;

In matters literary I must be accounted
out.

In short I cannot say that I have mas-
tered anything;

I have no taste for pictures or for songs
that people sing,

I couldn't drive a horse a foot; I'm very
timid, too;

But I'm the most sought after man that
ever came to view.

The yachting maids adore me, and the
music maids likewise;

The girls who read stop reading when I
come before their eyes;

And this is why: my ignorance my pro-
gress ne'er deterred,

For I can dance the two-step as divinely
as a bird.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pas-
ture

Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the
wheat field,
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses
Where the scarlet-dipped strawberry

Early snow-drops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,

They gather the elder blooms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple

In the soft-tinted autumn light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,

And are sweeter than Italy's wines;

They know where the fruit is the thick-
est

On the long, thorny blackberry vines,

They gather the delicate sea weeds,

And build tiny castles of sand;

They pick us the beautiful sea shells—

Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree
tops,

Where the oriole's hammock nest
swings,

And at night time are folded in slumber

By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;

The humble and poor become great;

And from those brown-handed children

Shall grow mighty rulers of State.

The pen of the author and statesman,

The noble and wise of our land;

The sword and the chisel and palette

Shall be held in the little brown hand.

ASPIRATION.

Our Father, while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let our harrowed altars burn
With Faith's undying flame.

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls thy face shall see;

The star of love must light the path

That leads to heaven and Thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds His sacred image still,
And sees Him once again.

The brother man, the pitying friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose plangent words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If I hold the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept, our sins forgive,
Our youth's zeal renew,
Shape us for nobler lives to live,
And nobler works to do.

—O. W. Holmes.

A HARDWAREMAN COURTS THE MUSE.
They built a fine church at his very
door—

"He wasn't in it."

They brought him a scheme for the relief
of the poor—
"He wasn't in it."

"Let them work for themselves as he had
done!"

And they wouldn't ask help of anyone,

If they hadn't wasted each golden min-

A FAIR MAIDEN'S NO.

The Story of an Unprecedented Courtship and a Betrayed Trust.

(Not Yet Published in Book Form.)

"No. My barbarism, as Mrs. Bellasyse would call it, has indeed grown milder. While about to cross Broadway in the region of the City Hall that morning I came face to face with a distressing accident. A crowd had quickly formed; I saw a white face and a limp, girlish figure between the helping arms of two men. It is quite probable that I pushed my way straight to the poor creature, for in a flash her anguish was plain to me. She was suffering horribly from a dislocated shoulder and from other bruises beside. But she bore herself with wonderful firmness; the pathos of her simple fortitude thrilled me. I suppose that I soon became rather assertive. I directed the men who supported her to lose no time in getting her away from that dreadful rabble, and a gigantic but urbane policeman aided me. Our place of shelter was a druggist's, luckily near. There we awaited the coming of an ambulance; and meanwhile I saw, past doubt, that this girl, whose name is Charlotte Storr, was enduring a frigid ordeal. It was agony for her to stand, for her to sit, for her to breathe. Before the ambulance got to us the chemist of the place did an intelligent and merciful thing. He gave her ether and put the shoulder bone into place. She was terribly weak and faint when she awoke, but the intensity of her pain had passed.

We got her into the ambulance, and then I remember that my recent donations to the Van Slyne Hospital uptown would enable me to have her conveyed there and treated with great regard. A letter quickly pencilled effected all that. Poor Charlotte is now at the same hospital.

"And you have visited her?"

"Yes. I —"

Breaking short off at the beginning of his next sentence, Carroll got up from his chair and slowly crossed the floor of the library, with head lowered, with hands folded behind his back. Returning, he seated himself in a chair, still nearer to that of Channing.

"You asked me about the girl's personal looks," he said, with that expression of almost severe thoughtfulness which his friend had not seldom witnessed of old. "She is not handsome or even pretty. Her stature is of medium height; she has a fresh colored face, a rich, prompt smile, a pair of courageous brown eyes, a glossy bounty of dark hair, moderately well formed features, teeth symmetric and pure, a broad, candid forehead, and there every notable point in her portrait might easily end. But it would be fair also to tell of her that she has a figure well knit and supple, and that neither this nor the healthful moulding of her arm and wrist has yet disclosed that fatal tendency to leanness so many New York working girls, of those whom I have thus far seen, almost without exception betray."

Amused from his standpoint as a man of the world, and impressed from that of long and minute acquaintance with the speaker of these unexpected and oddly suggestive words, Channing got up and lighted for himself a second cigarette. During this time he felt that his friend's eyes were fixed with a sort of vague petulance upon his face, and that the least implication of frivolity might now undo him as the recipient of further untrammeled confidences.

"Upon my word," said Channing, with what might have been termed artistic demureness, "you describe the young lady as a very charming person. You make her so engagingly human, you know—so exempt from that tiresome perfection which one is wont to encounter in the heroines of most adventurous episodes like this."

And then, swiftly, Channing perceived that he had fallen into the very mistake which he had wished to shun. A chiding change in Carroll's face told him this.

"Charlotte is not a young lady, Channing, any more than she is a heroine. She is just a working girl, as I told you. For her bravery in the presence of danger and bodily torment, these, I imagine, are not at all unique. There

an almost equal spell of curiosity, dread, expectancy and suspicion, he faltered:

"What is the right word?"

"If it be possible," said Carroll, with great composure, "I am resolved one day to make Charlotte Storr my wife."

X

Channing sprang to his feet. "You can't mean what you've just said, Carroll!"

"I mean every word of it, Chalmers." And then, with dry sedateness: "Can't you express your doubt as well sitting as standing?"

"Here I am," breathed Channing, confusedly, "back in my chair." After a pause he proceeded: "It's one of your ideas."

"You're right. It is one of my ideas." "You're not in love with a girl of that class—you!"

"No, I'm not in love with her."

Channing spoke with the flush of excitement now. "Remember, you told me—and not so long ago either—that you were in love with Philippa Chadwick."

"I told you the truth."

"Of course you did. How could you tell anything else? And I believed then, as I believe now, that she cared for you a hundredfold more than she ever cared for Winthrop Rutgers."

Paling visibly, Carroll said: "The girl never has cared for me, Chalmers. Of that I am inflexibly certain."

"Ah!" Here Channing drew a great sigh and sank backward. "Very well. You still love Philippa, and yet you contemplate marrying a—a working girl! It isn't like you to marry one woman, loving another. But to marry like that!" He threw both hands into the air, and closed his eyes with a faint shiver.

The voice of Carroll came to him, calm, clear and strong. "Listen, Chalmers! I see in Charlotte Storr a good, large-hearted girl. It is my wish to marry. She is still very young, and the chances are that she has yet formed no attachment. In a little while I intend to tell her that if at the end of three years she will consent to become my wife, I will be her faithful and affectionate husband. More than this I cannot say; more than this I shall not say. But during those three years I desire to give her valuable advantages of culture, polish, refinement. She shall have instructors who will make her, as the phrase runs, a lady. In a sense, you were right when you spoke of me as her benefactor. That I aim to become—that, and a great deal more. You may think all this very cold-blooded and theoretical. Grant that it is both. But the charitable element—I may even add the democratic and humane element—pleases me in its exploitation. After all, life has its finer sorts of egotism. Indeed, can we escape egotism by even the most disinterested and altruistic acts? It is no greater an authority than the spiritual Plato himself who says"—

"Oh, to the devil with Plato! No, Carroll, of course, I don't mean that! But really, this planned-out course of yours in experimental matrimony almost passes credence!"

"It has caused you great perturbation, surely."

"And why not? It's—it's monstrous! Why suppose you carry the whole thing through? Suppose you give this girl your protection, engaging for her tutors and governesses galore! What, at the end, will people say of the entire proceeding?"

"They can circulate calumnies, if you mean that, Chalmers."

"Oh, Carroll, be dissuaded in time! Show your charities elsewhere. If you could only give this girl your affection, give it her by a less romantic and extravagant course of action. Were she born in your own sphere, I would say nothing. Then you could get some personal friend, some lady, to be her protectress. But now—oh, take my counsel—(Channing was at his friend's side, and clasping his hand before he ended) —take it in God's name, and don't deport yourself, however sincerely, after a fashion which the whole world would ridicule and coin scandal out of, to your own future wretchedness and hap-

iness."

Her voice died wistfully away. It was plain that she thought her explanation had been the most lamentable failure. She avoided Carroll's eyes as he began to reply, but before he had spoken the sentences she looked at him with wild wonderment.

"You shall have plenty of time to think," Carroll said. "You shall have, days and days, if you want them. Under how strange it must all sit the you."

It had meanwhile struck another son as more than strange—as w— and absurdly ludicrous. Channing to the Lexington ball in a daze by irritated one or two feminine friarants his abstraction. He got back hrs, no rooms a little after midnight, he guar by the requirements of a neglect

script should have been furnished editors five or six weeks ago, and while still wanted two or three cor— words of compulsion. Being in berries with his work like this had deeply seemed to him, of late, as his n— were condition. He sat now at his desk, pen crawling over his paper rather

speeding over it, as he des— Car amazing folly forced a d— rent of his thoughts. Feet are annoyed

"But its constantly trying to ef— pediment, or another's houses. From with silent despair, the police should deal hectic and these unmitated nuisance— the candle example was made of some of kind. It would prove a salutary lesson to other members of the fraternity to steer clear of Napanee in the future.

A. S. Kimmerly is selling immense quantities of Kewatin Flour.

servicing fudge?

vassalage I

Society, weak or defective, have place, cares nothing, the defect corrected wonders if a fellow's eyesight, and purse will succeed in spectacles, is no girl, after all. My R us— We have in distrust me, and in suspicion, with all the ous of me, since what as there is no nation always has its ch— not take ad—

aginative! And here is & BRO. Courtaigne, with his superb spance— come, who might marry the at maiden in town, going and fitting himself like the Jeune Prey regis

an eccentric farce. Was there evang— madnes? and he doesn't even love m— there's the infernal nonsense chang— If he had gone daft about her looks, had found himself shuddering at home fax

would have been a different one. But to combine charity and a yen in this style of stupendous auto sex! Did ever democracy turn a matr— somersault? And yet I— ger that right to the core of his being

Carroll is as perfectly free from o— side of affection as though he were sing— some cheque for the last me— ant who had appealed to him."

Several more days elapsed before Channing again met his friend. Carroll then appeared in his study, discovering him at noon in an open jacket, with an open book on the desk at which he sat, and some slips of paper on which not a word had been written.

"My dear Carroll!" he cried, with a fervent hand-shake. "Now, don't think I've just breakfasted. Please don't."

"I won't, Chalmers. I didn't come to spy upon your daily habits."

"Thanks. Of course, you can't. Let me wheel this big chair for you into the sunshine; I know how you love the sunshine. Really, I have reformed, Carroll; I went to bed last night at half-past eleven."

"I think that rather late. But, never mind. It's a good beginning."

"So far," growled Channing, "it's proved a very bad one. I've resorted to write solely in the morning. Result—empty pages." And he gave a despairing gesture toward his desk. "Not an idea has come to me for two hours. In wrath and self-contempt I have been reading a rather trashy French romance. And you, my boy, you look as fresh as if you had risen at 6 and gloried in the morality of your act."

Carroll, who had seated himself, was slowly pulling off his gloves.

I rose somewhat later, Chalmers, but, still, I've had time to accomplish something."

"Very important, I suppose."

"He wasn't in it."

"Let them work for themselves as he had done;
And they wouldn't ask help of anyone,
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute."

"He wasn't in it."

But a carriage crept down the street one day—

"He was in it."

The funeral trappings made a fine display—

"He was in it."

Saint Peter met him with book and bell,
"My friend you have purchased a ticket
to —, well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute."
"He was in it."

—Parson Sam Haines.

RED SUITS THE WEST.

Any color, so long as it's red,
Is the color that suits me best,
Though I will allow there is much to be said.

For yellow and green and the rest;
But the feelings which some affect
In the things they make or buy
Have never—I say it with all respect—
Appealed to my critical eye.

There's that in red that warmth the blood;

And quickeneth a man within,
And bringeth to speedy and perfect bud
The germs of original sin;
So, though I'm properly born and bred,
I'll own with a certain zest,
That any color, so long as it's red,
Is the color that suits me best.

For where is a color that can compare—

With the blush of a buxom lass;
Or where such warmth as the hair
Of the genuine white horse class?

And lo! reflected within this cup
Of cherry Bordeaux I see

What inspiration girdeth me up—

Yes, red is the color for me!

Through acres and acres of art I've strayed

In Italy, Germany, France;
On many a picture a master has made

I've squandered passing glance;

Martines I hate, madonnas and

Those Dutch freaks I detest;

But the peerless dabs of my native land—

They're red, and I like them best.

'Tis little I care how folks deride—

I'm backed by the west at least;

And we are free to say that we can't abide.

The tastes that obtain down east;

And we're mighty proud to have it said

That here in the versatile west

Most any color, so long as it's red,

Is the color that suits us best.

—Eugene Field.

THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.

There's a beautiful Garden of Dreams,
That one finds as the daylight dies,

Where the golden sunlight gleams

O'er sapphire-tinted skies.

Where the mimosa sedately spreads

Its vaguely-sweet perfume,

And stately lilacs rear their heads

And chaste white roses bloom.

O, the air it is soft and the birds up aloft

Seem to card a singing refrain,

That tells their delight that the earth, to-night,

With its woes, is forgotten again.

And the angels are smiling a good-by to grief

In the mystical silence, it seems,

And a soul that was weary has found

its relief.

In this beautiful Garden of Dreams,

There's a beautiful Garden of Dreams,

That one finds as the eyelids close,

Where amid the glad sunbeams.

A shadow comes and goes,

Ah, a shadowy face as purely fair

As moonbeams of the earth,

With burnished coils of ebony hair.

And a lef't rose for a mouth.

It's a face of the past that may only,

at last.

In this Garden of Dreamland exist,

And must vanish from sight with the death of the night.

In the morning's contemptible mist,

But fair is the dawn in the sun's pur-

ple ways.

And yet, to my thinking, it seems

I would not exchange a whole life-

time of days.

For my beautiful Garden of Dreams,

—Town Topics.

CONTENTMENT.

He sits by the window under the shade
Of the rose with honeysuckle entwined,
When the falling shades of the esplanade
With a delicate tracing of gold are lined.

The sun sinks down in the gilded west,
Lighting his face with its parting beams,
While a calm, sweet measure of perfect rest
Illumes the joy of his passing dreams.

He sits and dreams—why should he not?
For the last dread care of the day hath fled—

And out in the grime of the old back lot
His wife is weeding the onion bed.

Channing felt his nerves tingle. Under

the shade of the rose, he murmur-

mers, any more than she is a heroine.

She is just a working girl, as I told you.

For her bravery in the presence of danger and bodily torment, these, I imagine, are not at all unique. There are no doubt hundreds of other girls here whom hardship has trained in the same discipline of fine, un murmuring endurance."

Something in Carroll's tones now both fascinated and astonished his friend.

He felt that even his great respect for Carroll had not kept him from treating lightly a tale which the atmosphere of his own time and environment would have caused him to hear with half-ridiculing smiles, if almost anyone save the earnest and deep-living narrator had recounted it. But now he became at once critical and deferential, attentive and considerate. Not a tint of bairnage colored his next sentence.

"You tell me that you have visited her since the accident?"

"Yes; three times."

"So often—already?"

"I have done more," Carroll went quietly on. "I have been to her home, a tenement house in Essex street, and one surprisingly neat and well kept. There they had only good things to say of her. For three years she had struggled nobly to keep herself honest and chaste. I found the same kindly verdict given by her employers at the great factory in Worth street, where she had worked. Her resolution and pluck have been as fine as they were uncomplaining. She has had a tragic history, briefly enough to be summarized."

"She is quite alone in the world?"

"She is absolutely alone in the world. Not long ago she was one of three children in a happy and thrifty family. Her sister died suddenly; her brother was killed by falling through a hatchway of a great warehouse; soon afterwards both her parents were taken ill, and in less than a year later she had become an orphan."

"Horrible!" shuddered Channing.

"Worse things are happening every day. Charlotte was then 15 years old. Her father left about \$6,000 of hard-earned savings, which his only brother, and also his only known relation, scampishly stole, flying the country with his shameful booty. Ever since then the girl has fought for her bread. It seems to have been a very hardy and womanly fight. She is now 18. Till her parents died she went to a public school, and here (as she has very modestly, yet distinctly, assured me) her proficiency in all her studies won her the best sort of place and praise. I should call her—as I am certain that you, too, would call her—a young woman of fairly good educational gifts. I don't wish to imply by this, Chalmers, that she has what are generally termed the manners of a lady. Constant toil and constant association with toilers would, of course, make such a result impossible."

"I see, Carroll. Impossible—naturally."

"But the culture which might change her into a lady need not by any means be a difficult process."

"N-no," answered Channing. In the silence that ensued certain curious thoughts darted through his mind. A meditative look had possessed Carroll's face, and his eyes were broodingly lowered. In placid despair of having the converse resumed by his companion, he ventured to give his restrained yet restive curiosity a touch of the spur.

"And her condition now? Is it the accident one from which she will soon recover?"

Carroll glanced upward, becoming in a trice his usual alert self.

"They say at the hospital that she will be all right at the end of two weeks. The shock has unstrung her, and she has a few bad bruises. But her dislocated shoulder also testifies to the skill of that down town apothecary."

(Carroll did not mention, by the way, that he had rewarded both the skill and promptitude of this person by a cheque for \$200.) "She is now able to sit up for hours at a time, and when I next see her I expect that she will be no longer in the least sense a real invalid."

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Channing felt his nerves tingle. Under

the shade of the rose, he murmur-

mers, any more than she is a heroine.

She is just a working girl, as I told you.

For her bravery in the presence of danger and bodily torment, these, I imagine, are not at all unique. There are no doubt hundreds of other girls here whom hardship has trained in the same discipline of fine, un murmuring endurance."

Something in Carroll's tones now both fascinated and astonished his friend.

He felt that even his great respect for Carroll had not kept him from treating lightly a tale which the atmosphere of his own time and environment would have caused him to hear with half-ridiculing smiles, if almost anyone save the earnest and deep-living narrator had recounted it. But now he became at once critical and deferential, attentive and considerate. Not a tint of bairnage colored his next sentence.

"You tell me that you have visited her since the accident?"

"Yes; three times."

"So often—already?"

"I have done more," Carroll went quietly on. "I have been to her home, a tenement house in Essex street, and one surprisingly neat and well kept. There they had only good things to say of her. For three years she had struggled nobly to keep herself honest and chaste. I found the same kindly verdict given by her employers at the great factory in Worth street, where she had worked. Her resolution and pluck have been as fine as they were uncomplaining. She has had a tragic history, briefly enough to be summarized."

"She is quite alone in the world?"

"She is absolutely alone in the world. Not long ago she was one of three children in a happy and thrifty family. Her sister died suddenly; her brother was killed by falling through a hatchway of a great warehouse; soon afterwards both her parents were taken ill, and in less than a year later she had become an orphan."

"Horrible!" shuddered Channing.

"Worse things are happening every day. Charlotte was then 15 years old. Her father left about \$6,000 of hard-earned savings, which his only known relation, and also his only known relation, scampishly stole, flying the country with his shameful booty. Ever since then the girl has fought for her bread

Lalla E'Kia, the Favorite Wife of the Late Sultan of Morocco.

The late Sultan of Morocco is reported to have had more than 2,000 wives, and it is, therefore, a little strange that one of them should have been able to make her way to the supreme place in the affections of her polygamous lord and master and to achieve in a land where she was a stranger a vast power and influence. Her name is Lalla E'Kia, which means "the brilliant charmer," a name given to her by the fond Muley-Hassan in the first days of his passion for her, when she had just come over the dusty and dangerous roads from Tangier to the mystical city of Fez, brought by a "merchant of beauty," as slave-dealers are sometimes called in Morocco. Lalla E'Kia is a Circassian, and is now in her 85th year. Unlike many of the women of her native mountains, when they come to fill the harem of the Turkish or Egyptian magnates, she has not taken on that undue plumpness which is thought so great a charm in the Orient, but has remained as willowy and graceful as when, a young girl, her foot was fleet over the Circassian hills.

The new Sultan, young Abdul Azis, is Lalla E'Kia's son. He has not yet completed his 18th year. His father was the color of a new bronze statue. The son has the delicious and delicate whiteness of the Circassian mother.

PHILOSOPHY OF WOMEN.

The seat of a woman's genius is in her heart, not in her head.

There are few fools among plain women; among handsome women—none.

What is a woman's favorite occupation? To make fools of sensible men.—Truth.

The world would be beautiful if there were as much true love as false oaths in it.

To represent the beauty of an angel, mankind has found but one model—woman.

Nowadays, writes a misogynist, happiness finds not its birthplace, but its grave, at the altar.

The most unsophisticated woman has more discernment than the most brilliant man, in love.

A woman seldom has two lovers at the same time; but she endeavors to have one in reserve.

A declaration of love is never a surprise to a woman; she is always prepared and waiting for it.

There are but two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two good things—women and angels.

All women have the art of talking well without being instructed in conversational methods. Their teachers are nature, love and coquetry.

JEWELRY STORE NOVELTIES.

A skull of briar-wood, with silver crosses for ornament, is a smoker's fancy.

The vine-wreathed claret jugs in engraved glass and silver gilt are the most attractive things of their sort.

Graceful silver tete-a-tete coffee and berry sets festooned with garlands bemy speak the hospitality of piazzas and arbors.

Large spoons of silver gilt have stems of raised work enclosing plaques of enamel work. These spoons have broken edges of metal and enamel. These, however, only extend half-way around the spoon, leaving the working ends sharp and free.

Belt pins are among the novelties. These are enlarged bib pins intended to effect a better union between the back of the belt and a woman's skirt. They are covered with raised work, or occasionally are set with tiny turquoise and semi-precious stones.

In sports yachting supersedes everything else in things ornamental and symbolic leaves, and pennants adorn everything. After all this is an amusement that interests few compared with other sports. Yachtsmen and women, perhaps, have more money to spend in trinkets.—Jewellers' Circular.

TOOTS FROM THE RAM'S HORN.

A sinner in the church weighs more for the Devil than a dozen outside of it.

Worry and the grave-digger are good friends.

A hypocrite fools some, but none so badly as he does himself.

Sinners will never be in a hurry about repenting, as long as the preacher's manner makes them think they have 20 years in which to do it.

Had the Lord quartered Elijah with the richest man in Zion, instead of feeding him on the widow's crumbs, his great camp-meeting on Mount Carmel might never have been heard.

AMBITION.

REVIVING BLUE LAWS.

A Sabbatarian Upheaval in a Connecticut Town.

SUNDAY TRADERS ARRESTED.

Ministers Who Drive for Pleasure and Deacons Who Sell Milk on Sunday May be Prosecuted by Way of Reprisal—Sunday Papers a Bone of contention.

There is trepidation and alarm, says the New York Herald, among the citizens of New Canaan, Conn., over what is regarded as a very decided attempt to revive the enforcement of Blue Laws of the Nutmeg State. Three men have already been arrested for violation of the law relating to the proper observance of the Sabbath on Sunday last, and no one knows what to expect next.

There is a strong feeling of indignation in the town on the subject, and it has been openly threatened by those who have already suffered, as well as by others who fear that their turn will come, that retaliatory measures will be taken by going further and arresting under the law relating to prohibition of Sunday recreation such residents as the Rev. Dr. Green, the Rev. William Neide, Dr. Parker and other prominent men who drive out with their families on Sunday.

In fact, so general is the sentiment that no man is safe if the old Blue Laws are to be revived and enforced; that men hesitate to even shave themselves, do not dare to ask their servants to do any work on the Sabbath, and no married man would think of

KISSING HIS WIFE

except behind closed blinds and with a guard at the door to shut out the Grand Juryman who judges the complaints with Justice James F. Silliman, who is also a deacon in the Congregational Church of which the Rev. J. H. Hoyt is pastor.

The arrests spoken of were made last Tuesday, on evidence obtained on Sunday, and after notice had been published in the local paper.

I soon found that there was a pretty clearly defined impression abroad that the responsibility for the initiation of the movement looking toward Sunday closing lay with Mr. Hoyt, the pastor of the Congregational Church. I could not learn, however, that there was any proof of this beyond the fact that he had recently spoken from the pulpit on the subject of the local lack of observance of the Sabbath, and had at the same time hastened to the store of Mr. Ruscoe, who had served him with a Sunday paper every Monday morning for years, and bade him bring the unholly thing into his house no more. Mr. Hoyt had also expressed himself emphatically on the subject at a recent meeting of the Band of Hope, a temperance society which has to take it out in hoping in New Canaan, where liquor is sold openly.

Deacon Silliman explained to me that the name of the complainant against alleged violation of the law does not have to come out at all in Connecticut, or at least in New Canaan. There any one can go to E. H. Arnold, Grand Juror, and say that he knows of his own knowledge and belief that "Bilby" Peterson had shaved a customer, or that Roscoe gave a customer a Sunday paper on the Sabbath, or any other crime of an

EQUALLY HEINOUS CHARACTER,

and be listened to. The Grand Juror gravely weighs the evidence of the complainant and if he decides there is reasonable ground for suspicion, he issues a warrant for the offender's arrest, and places it in the hands of the borough officer, who in New Canaan just now is "Sam" Raymond, an all-around tinker, especially good at mending umbrellas.

When I asked Mr. Raymond to reply to the accusation plainly made, that the umbrella business was bad and that he was in the arresting business for revenue only, he denied it.

Against Deacon Silliman, who in his capacity as justice sentences the Sabbath breakers, Jake Raymond and others alleged that he sold corn on Sunday to the Rev. Dr. Greer, and that he used

COOKING BY ELECTRICITY

The Latest Improvement Better Than Gas and Coal.

It is Somewhat High Priced, but There is Absolutely no Heat and Any Number of Dishes May be Cooked to Perfection.

An "electrical lunch," says a writer in the New York Herald, that is what it was called on the invitation I received to join some friends of mine down town one day last week for the noontide meal.

The impossibility of satisfying a thoroughly work-a-day appetite on Watts, ohms, amperes and volts was what made me hesitate about accepting the invitation.

However, as it was a novelty and there was to be plenty of company in case the ragout of volts or the amperes soup disagreed with digestive apparatus more accustomed to beef, bread and potatoes, I went and, going, marvelled greatly, and am still, in a state of bewilderment at the rigid tenacity with which people cling to coal or wood for kitchen use.

Electricity is the thing for cooking. It sounds queer to talk of a luncheon cooked without fire, but that is what I took of, and a more deliciously cooked repast it would be hard to find in any household or restaurant.

Promptly at eleven o'clock a party of fifteen were gathered in a roomy kitchen watching a white capped chef as he rapidly prepared the food for our luncheon. There was no suspicion of a fire, nor did he seem to consider one a necessity, and if he had there was no place to build one.

THERE IS NO HEAT.

Quickly the preparations went on. Then in a minute, presto! a square plug attached to a wire was run into a hole in the wall and in a minute or two the pot was sending forth odors of soup that were tantalizing to our olfactory.

But whence had gone the heat? While the day was terribly hot, one could hardly believe it was warm enough to boil stock, nor was it within the province of the chef to call to his aid magic spells. He lit on that little plug so snugly fitting in its socket as the cause of all this mystery.

True enough, the plug was responsible. That simple act of inserting a pin in a socket had made an electrical connection with a live wire, and the subtle fluid that speeds along the wires from huge dynamos had done the rest.

That was all there was to it. It was cooking by electricity with heat of an intensity unknown to a range fire, but so easily controlled that a child might attend to the process as well as a grown person.

Rapidly the dishes followed each other in order of preparation, and it was more than interesting to note how easily all was accomplished.

No raking of fires, no soiling the hands with coal dust or ashes, no hot stove lids to lift and burn the fingers. It was all so simple that fifteen people stood about with open mouths and staring eyes, taking in with eager attention all the details of the process.

PRESS THE BUTTON COOKERY.

The men, of course, went into a discussion marked by more or less knowledge of electricity, but the women took the ground of utility—that was where a sympathetic appeal was made to us. We who have labored with refractory stoves, who have had chimneys refuse to "draw" and grates that would clog up—we appreciated the full value of "pressing the button" and letting Mr. or Mrs. Electricity do the rest.

Just fancy how nice it would be to have a stove with six, eight, ten or as many lids as you want, each one heated to any degree that might be desired. No more moving of every pot or pan on the stove in order to set back one kettle that requires only simmering, while a hot fire is necessary to get the Sunday roast done "to a turn."

It was luxury to watch that cook. The soup was nearly ready, it only needed a few moments before serving, so the little key that regulates heat is turned; but the rice must boil faster, so on is turned the switch and it boils just as fast as you wish.

The oven is a little "slow," but that is easily remedied—another turn of the key and away the temperature soars as high and as hot as you may think necessary.

The plates are on the warmer, but are cold, and now is the proper time to heat them. Stick in another plug, and though you see nothing, it is a certainty that they will be ready when required for use.

THIS WAS THE MENU.

Then we sat down and began to discuss the following menu:

Soup.

Beef, with vegetables.

Roast.

Lamb, with green peas.

Mashed potatoes, boiled rice.

Stewed tomatoes.

Apple pudding. Coffee.

This was not a special luncheon; it was simply the regular meal prepared in

nice you were, and how good you'd been to me, and how fond I'd grown of you."

The matron patted one of Charlotte's hands, now holding it between both her own. She had the kind of face whose plump pinkness age is almost powerless to wither, though the strands of hair beneath her speckless white cap were heavily frosted.

(To be continued.)

PUSS IN A MAZE OF MIRROR.

She was Pretty Well Puzzled and Glad to Escape.

A small black cat, with a long tail and a distinctly aggrieved air, stalked up and down the hall yesterday at Hermon Howard's Auditorium. She glared with scorn at the people who came out of the maze and laughed as if they thought it was funny in them. The cat had been there, too, but she didn't think it all funny.

If she had been a cat with human vices she might have believed her experience was due to drink, but as she took nothing stronger than milk she couldn't fall back on that explanation.

The cat went into the maze yesterday morning for the first time, although her curiosity had sorely tempted her to enter ever since the maze had been put into position. She strolled in and climbed a pillar near the door. It so happened that this was a central position, and when she threw her eyes around there seemed to be sixteen other black cats returning her glance with friendly interest. This enraged her and she humped her back to let the other cats know she was no coward. Sixteen other cats took a corresponding hump and each was watching her next move.

This was too much, and the cat leaped from her stand and started to get out. There were apparently a dozen avenues of escape, and she made for one of them, only to run plumb against a glass mirror. The same thing happened again and again, until she finally spied the man in blue uniform who takes tickets for the maze. Like a flash she leaped past him and got out of the maze.—Baltimore Sun.

MAGNETIZATION OF RAILS.

Result of Experiments Tried by a French Student.

To ascertain in a definite manner the degree of magnetization of steel rails, M. Vinat has made experiments on a portion of the line of the Compagnie du Midi, between Bordeaux and the Côte, the left-hand track serving for the trains coming from the latter place, while on the right-hand track the trains run in the opposite direction. From this account be set out, the rails were laid in a direct line, from west to east, that when a pocket of iron was placed on a joint of one of the rails, the left-hand needle pointed exactly in the direction of the line of the rails, the pole being turned toward the town of Côte. With the same compass similarly placed on the right-hand track the needle again pointed in the direction of the line of the rails, but the north pole was this time turned toward Bordeaux.

The distances between the rail ends varied from about one-tenth to one-half of an inch, producing a very perceptible shock on the passage of trains, due to the respective depressions and elevations of the ends of the rails and their influence on the car wheels, and these shocks, it was concluded, developed a south polarity in those rail ends in which the concussion took place.—Paper Mill.

GOOD LEMONADE.

A good glass of lemonade is as rare as a beaker full of the warm South." It should not be the thin fluid which is its common presentment, but should have "a body," which can alone be got by reducing the sugar to a syrup before adding the lemons. Take half a pound of loaf sugar, and reduce it with one pint of water; add the rind of five lemons, and let it stand an hour; remove the rinds, and add the strained juice of the lemons; add one bottle of Apollinaris water, and a block of ice in the centre of the bowl, and before serving add one tablespoonful of brandy to the above proportions. Peel one lemon, and cut it up into thin slices; divide each slice in two, and place the pieces in the lemonade.—Harper's Bazar.

NO USE FOR HIM.

Venus—Hello, Cupid. What are you idling away your time for? Why aren't you at the summer resorts?

Cupid—No use, ma. I've been there, and they guyed the life out of me.

During the past few days more than 400 anarchists arrived in London, and the Scotland Yard police force are busy watching the new comers.

LUNA, WITH GREEN PEAS.
Mashed potatoes, boiled rice,
Stewed tomatoes,
Apple pudding, Coffee.

This was not a special luncheon, it was simply the regular meal prepared in the electrical kitchen for the officers and employees of a company, and with them has ceased to be novelty. They claim that meats cooked by electricity are far better than those baked in a coal stove. When we had finished we were invited to an inspection of the apparatus.

There was a lingering avoidance of touching any part of the paraphernalia until one bold and brave man decided to run the risk of electrocution.

He lived after the trial and so we all began to handle the utensils and to ask questions.

The apparatus is so simple that it is a wonder it is not in general use.

Nothing better could be devised for the summer time on for small flats, and there is practically no limit to the stove surface one may have.

Ovens, boilers, tea kettles, saucépans, coffee pots and all the articles of kitchenware now in use can be used the same.

Safety is one of the first requisites, and that is assured since the connections with the supply wire can only be made by the insertion of a plug, and the plug is longer than the finger of anyone outside of a long fingered museum freak.

COSTS MORE THAN COAL.

I enquired about the cost and learned that it is higher than coal but by my hosts this was considered a mere nothing compared to the labor, trouble, and wear and tear saved.

Mr. George Peabody, of No. 28 Monroe street, Brooklyn, has his kitchen equipped with electrical appliances.

Even in this model kitchen it is not claimed that all is perfect, but improvements are following so fast that within a very short time the "flat hunter" will reject all advertisements that do not contain the sentence, "Electrical kitchen."

ROSE PASTE.

Fine Cake Flavoring That May be Made at Home.

A delicate flavor of rose leaves is a great addition to certain cakes and confections, and a rose paste made at home is much purer than any of the extracts sold for the purpose. It is made by chopping the leaves of fragrant roses into a smooth mass with white sugar, and placing them in an oven long enough to heat thoroughly, but not entirely melt the sugar. Use one cupful of the leaves to three of sugar. Keep in air-tight cans, and allow to stand six months before opening. This must be used carefully, only a small quantity being necessary to flavor a large cake. A novelty at a recent dinner was a Roman punch flavored in this way with the Turkish preserved rose leaves, which may be purchased at any store dealing in Oriental goods. Into an ordinary Roman punch (which is simply a lemon sherbet flavored to taste with rum) the rose leaves were stirred, a few at a time, until a delicate flavor was obtained, and the mixture was then frozen to a soft and snowy consistency, and served in small glasses. Half a can of the Turkish leaves would flavor a sufficient quantity for eight persons.—Harper's Bazar.

THE TRAMP'S REVENGE.

The tramp had been so encouraged by receiving a whole pie one day at a certain house that he became a nuisance by his frequent visits, and at last the lady of the house turned him down peremptorily. Then it was he sought revenge. Coming again the next day he was met by a firm refusal.

"I only come," he said, whiningly, "to see if you can't give me another pie like that one you gave me before."

"No, I can't, and I wouldn't if I could," snapped the lady, "and if you don't go away I will call the police-man."

"Don't do that, lady," he replied, as he started off. "I don't mean no harm; I was just thinkin' if you could give me another pie I'd put it with that other one I've saved, and then I'd steal an old bicycle frame and fix myself up so I could git around a good deal easier than walkin'."

THINGS THAT GO TOGETHER.

A lazy horse and an inconsiderate driver.

An altruistic husband and an egoistic wife.

A palm-leaf and a fin-de-siècle novel.

A Populist stump speech and red fire.

A politician and a bad cigar.

A mother-in-law and chronic dyspepsia.

A proud mother and a spoiled child.

A physician and a drug store.

A schoolmistress and eyeglasses.

A light suit of clothes and a cold wave.

An umbrella and sunshine.

A swisskase mustard sandwich and three rounds of beer.—New York Recorder.

Against Deacon Silliman, who in his capacity as justice sentences the Sabbath breakers, Jake Raymond and others alleged that he sold corn on Sunday to the Rev. Dr. Greer, and that he used to see no harm in peddling milk on Sunday.

The good deacon listened to these accusations with quite as much sadness as I felt in repeating them to him, and said mildly that peddling milk on Sunday was necessary, and that he did not make a practice of selling corn on other than week days.

Deacon Silliman added that he thought the arrests were not the action of any one person, but rather a concerted movement to check the growing tendency to keep the stores open on the Sabbath. He saw nothing out of the way in the fact that a person could make a complaint against another and keep his identity concealed, leaving the accused with no redress if the complainant proved to be malicious.

When I asked the deacon what he thought of himself as a justice, considering the question in his capacity as a citizen, he smiled, and said that he thought the justice was not exceeding his duty and was quite sure he would not fine a man for kissing his wife on Sunday. As to what he would do as a justice if in a spirit of retaliation some ungodly one should

HAVE A CLERGYMAN ARRESTED for driving he could not say. He was of the opinion, however, that the law against recreation on the Sabbath referred more to baseball and like games than to driving, which also might be undertaken for the purpose of doing good.

"Billy" Paterson, the barber, now displays the following sign in his shop window:

"Notice:—Owing to the high price of board and the scarcity of first-class accommodations in the Bridgeport jail, this shop will be closed Sundays and after Sunday, August 19th."

On the window of a shoe store is the ever-fouching query, "Who struck 'Billy' Paterson?" Paterson's fine was \$4.91, or forty-nine shaves, as he put it mournfully. He says he would have fought the case if his wife hadn't been unwilling.

Mr. Roscoe, who paid a fine of \$5.16, says he will close his store next Sunday, but expects to distribute papers as usual, particularly as Grand Juror Arnold has told another newspaper vendor that he might open up for that purpose.

When I told Mr. Arnold that there were those in New Canaan who believed he should paste into his hat the saw, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," he hastened to explain that he sold the beer no more. He couldn't keep flies out of the bottles, and felt that he was too old for that sort of thing. Besides, he said it.

WASN'T SO VERY STRONG.

"I feel that the papers ought to be distributed, but in the other work we shall keep right on. I understand Paterson says he will make trouble for me if I permit the sale of papers and won't let him shave. He'd better look out, for if he does that I'll have him tried for all the illegal shaving he has done on Sunday for years. As for 'Sam' Raymond, I can say that if, as you tell me, he worked on Sunday at a pump, or painted his wagon on that day, and any one will make a complaint, I will protest just as I would with any one else. I don't think they could arrest any one for driving on Sunday, but I am awaiting legal advice on that and other points from my lawyer in South Norwalk."

BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

During the recent stoppage in the coal trade, says an English paper, a collier, wandering on some land belonging to Earl Derby, chanced to meet its owner face to face. His Lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land.

"They land? Well, I've got no land myself," was the reply, "and I'm like to walk on somebody's. Weer did tha' get it fro'?"

"Oh," explained his lordship, "I got it from my ancestors."

"And wheer did they get it fro'?"

"They got it from their ancestors," was the reply.

"And wheer did their ancestors get it fro'?"

"They fought for it."

"Well, be gad," said the collier, squaring up to the noble earl, "I'll fight thee for it!"—The Commonwealth.

Major-General Herbert left Ottawa yesterday for Camp Lewis. He was accompanied by Capt. Streetfield, A. D. G.

ing him on the Widow's crumb, his great camp-meeting on Mount Carmel might never have been heard of.

AMBULOUS.

"I am perfectly willing to work, man," said the tramp, "but the difficulty is in finding labor congenial to my tastes."

"What do you think you would like to do?" enquired the inquisitive woman.

"I think I'd like to be a bank president, man. Do you know where I could get a job of that sort?"—Detroit Free Press.

EXPLAINING IT.

A little girl of this city recently gave a forcible though unconscious illustration of what foreigners find a perplexing peculiarity of our language. Her younger brother inquired:

"Do cows give beef and ham?"

"Of course they don't," was the scornful reply. "You ought to know better than that. Cows lay milk."

VERY COURTEOUS.

"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" said the tip-expectant waiter to Sir Abner Meddergrass, as the latter rose from the table.

"Let me see," replied the honest man, looking at his hand baggage. "There's my umbrella and my satchel. No, they're all here, but I'm obliged to you just the same for your thoughtfulness."

IN OUR MIDST.

Foreman (of the Sharptown Star)—I see you've marked the paragraph about watermelons being in our midst for the editorial page?

Editor—Well, what if I have?

Foreman—Don't you think it would be safer to put it between the pain-killer and Jamaica ginger ads?—Judge.

HOW?

Wife—I mended the hole in your waistcoat pocket last night after you had gone to bed. I am a careful little woman, am I not?

Husband—Yes; but how did you know there was a hole in my waistcoat pocket?

TOO MUCH ATTRACTION.

Amelia—I wish there were not so many dry goods advertisements in this paper.

Clara—Good gracious, dear, why?

Amelia—One hasn't time to read the other matter in it.

NOT TO BE MENTIONED.

Suspicious Mamma—Ethel, what detained you at the door just now when Mr. Spoonamore went away?

Ethel (smoothing her rumpled hair)—Nothing to speak of, mamma.—Chicago Tribune.

THE LATEST INVENTION.

"Hinges has invented a trunk that's going to bring him a fortune."

"What is it?"

"The lid is on the under side, so that everything that is backed at the bottom will be on top."

HAD REASON TO BE.

Anxious Mother—Are the children in this flat very rude or noisy?

Janitor—Not a bit of it; they're all down in bed with scarlet fever.

THE AMATEUR HOUSEKEEPER.

Mr. Youngwife—Really, my dear, this is very good. But what is it?

Mrs. Youngwife—I don't know. It came packed in a can and the label boiled off in the hot water before I noticed.

Afection can withstand very severe storms of rigor, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subside on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.—Sir Walter Scott.

A melancholy drowning accident occurred at Golden, B. C., by which Mrs. Jackson and son, aged about seven years, met their death. The child fell into the river, and the mother, in an attempt to rescue him, jumped in and both were drowned.

There are some men who would rather hear themselves preach than to listen to an angel tuning his harp.—Ram's Horn.

The State of Wisconsin is about to sue the United States for \$7,975,000.77 for munitions of war, etc., furnished in 1861, which were paid for only in part.

Stevenson's Creation Makes a Bradford Butcher Insane.

Last Spring He Saw a Dad Actor in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Since That Time he has Gradually Been Losing His Mental Balance—Thinks He is a Great Actor.

A Bradford, Pa., despatch says: The strange case of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has had a queer effect on a Bradford butcher. Frank Hall owns a meat market in lower Main street, and in that market, with a cleaver for a battle-axe, he howls passages from various tragedies. He is demented, and the play just mentioned is said to be responsible for his condition.

Last spring one night he heard a bad actor render a fiendish impersonation of the part of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and he was thrilled and horrified. The figure of Hyde, with his tangled hair and long teeth; his hissing voice; his glaring eyes and bony crooked fingers, was so vividly impressed upon the imagination of Hall that the impression became permanent. He memorized some of the passages from the play, and these he rehearsed in his meat market and elsewhere with much vehemence. A more horrible presentation of the part could not have been made by anybody. By way of variety he would howl, occasionally, line or two from Richard III, or some other character.

Yesterday he was giving a specimen of his style in the death scene of "Mr. Hyde," when he became wildly delirious, and the police took him into custody. He will probably be taken to an institute for the insane.

Up to the time Hall witnessed the performance of the piece, he was a quiet, sensible man, but ever since he saw Stevenson's uncanny creation on the stage he has been losing his mental balance. Now he is in a pitiable condition. He pleaded with a reporter to put him on the road with a dramatic company. "My God," he cried, in the course of a brief interview, "I am the greatest actor in the country to-day, and yet they won't write me up. That's all I want—reputation. You write me up and I'll have attention called to myself in that way." Then the deluded man made a gesture that would make the bones of James Owen O'Connor rattle in their coffin.

He is a single man, 38 years old, has a good bank account and is well connected.

MARRIED THE COACHMAN.

First the Heiress Educated the Young Man.

Then She Changed His Name—Being Satisfied That She Had Not Made a Mistake the Woman Married Her Ward and He Becomes Wealthy.

A New York despatch says: There was a wedding in Dr. John Hall's church in this city a few days ago which was the outcome of a genuine romance. The Piffard family, of Livingston county, is one of the oldest, wealthiest and most exclusive families of that part of the state. The Clapper family, of the same county, is quite the reverse, although it is a reputable family. One of this family, a boy named George, after attending school for some time at the Genesee public schools, went to Rochester, where he was employed as an errand boy in a mercantile house. As he grew up he was made a clerk, but for some reason lost his place two or three years ago and returned to his home at Genesee. He wanted work, and when he learned that the head of the wealthy Piffard family, of Piffard, wanted a young man to take care of his horses young Clapper applied for the place and got it.

Miss Emma Piffard, daughter and heiress of the house of Piffard, took a great interest in young Clapper from the start. He was intelligent, good-looking and illustrious. Miss Emma's interest resulted in her falling in love with him.

A CAVE OF SKELETONS.

Valuable Prehistoric Remains Found in Nebraska.

FROM THE AGE OF GIANTS.

A Chadron, Nebraska, despatch says: Great excitement was caused here to-day by the discovery of a cave near this city by W. Don Freisenholz, who is travelling for a zoological institute of Europe. The cave is located in what is called the Bad Lands, about ten miles from Chadron. Mr. Freisenholz, who was seen to-day, was reticent about giving information relative to his wonderful discovery. It was learned he consulted some of the legal fraternity of the city in regard to the proper procedure to acquire title to the land upon which the cave was discovered. He left for the East to-night, presumably on his way to Washington, where he will make an effort to enter the land as a curiosity claim or zoological claim. Attorneys who are thoroughly familiar with the Government lands say there is no provision for filing such a claim.

While Mr. Freisenholz refused to say why he wanted to become the owner of this cavern, it was learned from other sources that many known species of extinct animals were found in the cave, and some that were never heard of or discovered before. The skeleton of one of these is particularly awe-inspiring to look upon. Whatever period in the world's history this monster roamed the earth it is safe to say that mankind did not, and that, most of the animals that now exist were unknown at that time. The skeleton of this monster would indicate that he resembled closely the elephant, only he must have been ten times as large. To give an idea of its size it is only necessary to give the dimensions of some of the bones. One of the ribs measured twenty-four feet nine inches in length, and the others are in proportion to this.

Another large skeleton resembles that of the horse, but from its size it would seem impossible that it could live if constituted as our present horses are, and it is evident it would be of no use to mankind, as it would be necessary to use a ladder to harness or get on its back. There are also many species of birds to be found in the cave, but they are five or six times larger than the ostrich. The bones and the wings would indicate their width, including the feathers, to be about twenty-three feet. There are also a number of extinct species of reptiles and fishes which are large.

The most interesting discovery is that of the skeleton of a man. It is said finding these skeletons with the bones of animals that have become extinct leads many to believe that they must be skeletons of prehistoric men. The skeletons resemble those of the present man very much, and none but an experienced eye could detect the difference. There are many explanations of why these animals came to be in this cave.

This cave is in close proximity to an artificial wall. From the structure of the walls it is supposed they were made to enclose a large tract of land. This wall, no doubt, formerly surrounded an ancient city. Here was where was found a short time ago imbedded among the ruins of the now extinct animals and reptiles a petrified man that was exhibited in the East by Prof. Daniel Webster Sperling. The petrification was greatly admired, and scientific men were unable to say in what period of the world's history the subject existed. There are also to be found huge petrified logs piled up in great masses.

It was learned to-day from Chief Yellow Wolf, of the Sioux tribe, that these discoveries have long been known to the Indians, and that when they die and go to the happy hunting ground they believe this will be the land to which their spirits will return. They were afraid to tell the whites for fear they would destroy the cave.

CATTLE EMBARGO STAYS.

Mr. Gardner Decides That the Prohibition Must Stand.

READS LIKE A NOVEL.

How an Absconder Caused an Innocent Man's Arrest.

Stole the Man's Clothes and Papers, Then Assumed His Name—Detectives Learn of the Alias but Arrest the Rightful Owner of the Name, Who is Extradited

A Quebec despatch says: A sensational story is recounted here from Dr. Spurr, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England. Dr. Spurr accompanies a certain Mr. Annandale, who appears to have been the victim of a clever trick, if the story is true.

In December last a man named Arnott, of Newcastle, England, an employee of a bank, made off with a considerable sum of money. His destination was Baltimore. On arriving at Baltimore Arnott fell from a carriage and broke his arm. His bed neighbor in the hospital was Annandale.

Arnott suddenly left the hospital, changing his clothes for those of Annandale. The latter was then suffering from a lung disease which was thought incurable.

Under his false name Arnott was able to travel about in disguise, and succeeded, however, in dodging the authorities.

One night in a railway accident Arnott was killed. The coroner of the place proceeded in the usual manner about the inquest, and he, not knowing what had happened in England as to Arnott's crime, sent a telegram to Arnott's wife announcing his death.

The New York police still continued to hunt for Arnott under the name of Annandale, and Annandale was arrested on leaving the hospital, the detective believing him to be Arnott, and in February Annandale was extradited to England.

Mrs. Arnott, upon seeing the prisoner, declared he was not her husband. The prisoner went from Liverpool to London and from the latter place to Newcastle, where no one could identify him, and the widow declared she had learned of the death of her husband in Baltimore. The coroner of Baltimore testified to having held an inquest upon the body of a man corresponding with the description of a man named Arnott, and papers were found on the corpse showing that deceased was presumably named Arnott.

Annandale was then given his liberty and sought help from the American consul in London. While sick and almost dying in London, Dr. Spurr attended Annandale and on his recovery brought him to Canada, his native place. Annandale declares he is going to sue the English authorities for \$50,000 damages.

WANT STRANGE FUNERALS.

One Wants His Ashes Thrown Into the River.

FIREWORKS AT HIS GRAVE.

A Trenton, N. J., despatch says: The last of the money left by Roger Quigg to his son James was spent to-day, when the body of the latter was cremated in the Germantown Crematory. The will that the young man left provides that the handful of ashes that survives him shall be thrown into the Delaware River from the railroad bridge whenever it suits the executor, William B. Van Horn, who formerly employed young Quigg, who was a cigar maker.

Young Quigg gave minute directions to an undertaker here about his body. Nobody was to see the face and the cremation was to take place as quickly after death as was possible, and it was accomplished within 36 hours. He purchased a casket only, because he was afraid the railroads would not transport his body to the crematory. The cremation took place this morning, and the ashes were put into the casket, there being just enough to dust the satin lining. The executor is not decided whether to throw the ashes into the Delaware River, as directed by the will, or yield to the pressure of his friends and bury them in a cemetery. He has 10 days to make up his mind. There is enough money left to erect a stone over his grave.

The undertaker had another order even more eccentric than this. He refuses

JUAN PEREA'S SLAYER.

How the Murderer Was Found and What Found Him.

A Story From Mexico—The Retribution That Overtook a Young Man in a Beautiful Village of the Sierra Madre—The Black Wings That Flapped Above His Head—He Thought His Father's Ghost Pursued Him, but it was Only the Old Man's Pet Eagle.

He had plenty of gold and the love of a beautiful maiden, if he could only forget. Yes, forget that he had killed his father. He could forget if it was not for that strange whirling sound like the flapping of wings that constantly haunted him. He first heard it just as he struck the fatal blow, and since then it has never ceased, day or night.

What was that! Surely not the wind. And if it was not why should Leonard Perez be afraid of a sound? He who had faced wild beasts and fought Indians. But he turned over in bed and pulled the clothes over his head to keep away the sound. That awful sound that first whirred like a flock of pigeons and then died away like an infant's wail.

"I'm sure it has something to do with the killing of the old man," said Leonard to himself, but somehow the whole scene would come up before him. Again he was riding along the road to see the father he had deserted years ago. He was not going because he wanted to see the good old man, but because he wanted money. Money must have at any cost. It was long midnight when he knocked at the door and his father came out to him. His father was glad to see him, remembers distinctly, asked for money took him a good quantity was not enough.

It was such an easy thing, a thrust with the knife as to make it difficult to go back into the mire bidding him farewell and the good-bye are his. But what was that whirring sound? The village was in darkness, but it was lowing him as he sped down the street. Owing to his horse, and kept near him as he fled to over the country farther and farther to away from his crime. No, he never got away from it. The sound was always with him.

Ugh! There it was again, and Leonard pulled the blankets over his head.

Morning came, but the whirring sound came with it. At night it was nearer than in the daytime, but it never ceased.

"I won't pay any attention to it to-day," said Leonard to himself, as he went for his breakfast. "I'm sure it is nothing, and has nothing to do with me."

It was a beautiful day, and the sun had nearly reached the zenith. Leonard threw himself down on the ground in the shade of a tree to get a little sleep that he had been deprived of in the night, but had scarcely closed his eyes —

"Whir—flap, flap—whir."

"Ugh."

"Whir. Flap —"

Leonard felt a cold breeze fan his cheek as he jumped to his feet, but there was nothing near him. He was alone.

"Whir, whir."

"Let me out of this; I don't want the gold," and Leonard flung the bag of yellow coin out of the window.

Over the hills and mountains he sped, he knew not where. But the sound was with him.

An awful crime had just been committed at Ortiz. The wealthy Juan Perez, he whom everybody liked, had been found dead at his own door, and there was no trace of the murderer.

It was old Manuel, the Indian, who found the body, and when he gave the alarm a great superstitious fear seized all the people as they flocked from the doors of their low adobe houses into the hot streets of the Mexican village. Where was the murderer, and who could he be that would kill such a good old man? And rob him, too. That was the worst of it. And the people made up their minds that no punishment was too severe to be inflicted on the murderer when they found him.

Yes, when they found him. It looked as if they never would. There had been no strangers seen in the village, and everybody who lived there loved the dead man too much to even hurt a hair

Mrs Emma Piffard, daughter and heiress of the house of Piffard, took a great interest in young Clapper from the start. He was intelligent, good-looking and industrious. Miss Emma's interest resulted in her falling in love with him. She did pretty much as she liked in the Piffard family, and it pleased her to relieve young Clapper from his duties and to send him to a business college at Poughkeepsie. She paid all his expenses at the college, and he rewarded her by studying hard and finally graduating with honor.

This was only a few months ago. Then she took legal steps to have his name changed from Clapper to Francis. As George Francis he came to New York and went to work. Satisfied that she had done well in placing her affections on the young man, Miss Piffard came to New York, and a week ago she and young Francis were married at Dr. Hall's church, on Fifth avenue, by Rev. Dr. Roberts. The happily and romantically wedded couple are spending their honeymoon on the Piffard ancestral acres in Livingston county.

IN THE TOILS.

A McWherrell Trial Witness Accused of Robbery.

A Toronto despatch says: One of the most prominent witnesses at the McWherrell trial was Harry Spraggan, the porter of Fitzgerald's Hotel, who gave evidence on behalf of both prisoners. He told how they were in the hotel on the evening of the day the Crown fixed upon as that of the murder. When Spraggan was in the witness box he trembled like an aspen leaf, so that His Lordship even expressed astonishment at his conduct. Then Spraggan was Walker's chief witness, and, if it were not for the Toronto detectives, when the trial comes on in September Mr. Spraggan would be the other side of the herring pond. As it is Spraggan may spend a term in Duraville himself, for he is arrested at Montreal on a very serious charge. On August 11th Mr. Donald McEnrath, of Edgley village, went to the detective office and reported that, while asleep at his hotel, slightly the worse of Toronto liquor, he had been robbed of \$190. Detective Burrows took charge of the case, and he ascertained that Spraggan, who was a porter in the hotel, had suddenly acquired considerable wealth, and that, attracted by the cheap fares to England that are being given by the steamship companies, he had purchased ticket to his native land. Inspector Stark immediately wired to Montreal to have Spraggan arrested, and last night a despatch from that city announced the fact that Spraggan was a prisoner. Detective Burrows will leave to-day for Montreal to bring the prisoner back to this city.

BLINDED BY THE MOON RAYS

A Helpless Skipper Made Sightless in Mid-Ocean.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Because Captain Bray was moonstruck and made totally blind, the logwood laden schooner Nettie Langdon, from Falmouth, Jamaica, for Philadelphia, has been compelled to put into Key West in distress, where she still remains. The Langdon drifted about in a helpless condition for days after Captain Bray's sad plight, and finally drifted toward the Florida coast, where a pilot-boat was sighted, and Pilot James Sinclair was taken on board, and he navigated the vessel to Key West.

The unfortunate skipper's loss of eyesight is believed to have been caused by the reckless manner in which he spent his nights. Instead of sleeping in the cabin, he invariably slept on deck in the moonlight. The rays of the moon totally destroyed the sight. In the tropics this occurrence is not rare, but it is seldom heard of so far north as the latitude of Jamaica. In Demerara many cases occur, when the moon is in its strongest phase.

A pitiful sight was discovered on Monday on Battlefield rifle range between the battalions. It was a young bay mare shot through the back of the head, probably on Saturday, when the volunteers were there. It was not yet dead. The ground was smeared with blood, and the poor beast was almost covered with flies, while the flesh on its limbs and head was worn to shreds with trying to get up. The owner has not yet been found.

The United States Senate adjourned yesterday afternoon, the free sugar, iron and coal bills going over until to-day, objectives having been taken to their

Prohibition Must Stand.

Official Report Published—The Cattle Declared to be Infected by Contagious Pleuro or New Bacterial Disease—The Board Says the Next Step Lies With Canadian Veterinarians.

A London cable says: The Board of Agriculture has published the official documents concerning the importation of Canadian cattle. Mr. Gardner, President of the Board, has decided that the Prohibition must stand.

The documents comprise the evidence of seventeen experts and a minute containing the board's deductions.

No one testified positively that the cases were not cases of contagious pleuro-pneumonia. Many confirmed the decisions of the officers of the board. The board considers that the evidence negatives the suggestion that the disease is catarrhal or croupous pneumonia.

Messrs. Hunting and MacQueen favored the theory that it is a disease hitherto unobserved.

The board expresses the opinion that the next step lies with the Canadian veterinarians, and in conclusion says: "It is beyond question that a disease occurs in Canadian cattle which many of the ablest and qualified veterinarians in Great Britain declare to be contagious pleuro-pneumonia, and which even those holding the opinion that it is a new disease pronounced bacterial, and that the disease could not have developed to the extent shown when the animals are killed, three weeks after shipment, unless contracted before leaving Canada. The matters deserve, and will doubtless receive, the serious attention of the Dominion Government. In the meantime it is clearly the board's duty to maintain the regulation requiring slaughter at the port of landing."

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Pope Leo XIII. is a great admirer of birds.

Victoria signs about 50,000 documents a year.

Teresita Caazio, Garibaldi's daughter, is writing the life of Italy's red-shirted hero.

The Queen of Siam has the smallest foot of any titled person in the world. She wears 1 1/2 boots.

The tallest man on the Pacific coast is Samuel Hutchinson, of Prescott, Wash. His height is 7 feet 2 1/2 inches.

Jean Volders, Belgium's great labor leader, has been attacked by cerebral paralysis, as a result of overwork.

A portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds has sold for \$55,000 in a London auction room, the highest price on record for such sales.

There are no servants in the Tolstoi household. The count cuts his own firewood, while the countess prepares their simple meals.

The Empress of Russia has a perfumery fountain for her toilet. She presses the button of any odor desired, and the fountain does the rest.

Dr. Westbrook Farrer, of Bideford, Me., who is in active practice at the age of 98, attributes his exceptional vigor to the use of wintergreen tea.

Whenever President Cleveland is asked by an enthusiastic mother to kiss her baby he always declines. "The best of my reason is," he explains, "that the babies never like it."

Fredrick Hollister, a journalist having been silenced upon anarchist charges, M. Kochefort has imparted to him paper his ideas upon the situation in an editorial written in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

To Emerson is this story attributed: On being asked by a friend what he lectured for, he replied, "P-a-m-e." "What do you mean by that?" inquired the other. "Fifty and my expenses."

A NEW RENDERING.

Two ladies sank gratefully into the place on the horse car that had been gallantly vacated for their benefit. When they had got breath one of them said: "Have you been reading anything about this woman suffrage?"

"A little."

"But you are not much interested in it?"

"No. I think we had better enjoy the rights we have than fly to others that we know not of."

THE LAST STRAW.

Mrs. Spendthrift—I know that \$5 is a good price to pay for a handkerchief, but it's real lace. You're not provoked, my dear, are you?

Mr. Spendthrift—Yes, I am very much provoked. The idea of paying \$5 for a handkerchief. It's too much to blow in. You'll ruin me, Eugenie.

Ludwick Furst, a farmer living near Rosedale, Man., was killed by lightning while stacking near his house.

days to make up his mind. There is enough money left to erect a stone over his grave.

The undertaker has another order even more eccentric than this. He refuses to give the name of the young man, because he is now actively engaged in business and not likely to die for some years. He has, however, arranged all the details of the funeral. He wants to be laid out in a casket lined with red, white and blue, the funeral to take place at night, with a band and all the mourners carrying torches. At the grave there is to be fireworks and "Auld Lang Syne" is to be sung before parting. Each anniversary of the funeral is to be observed with a feast, and a toast to his memory is to be drunk standing.

THE STRIKE COMMISSION.

The Hearing of Evidence Was Begun Yesterday in Chicago.

A Chicago despatch says: The Strike Commission appointed by President Cleveland to investigate the Pullman and Railroad strike began its work today. The session was held in the Government building.

Vice-President S. W. Howard, of the A. K. U., was the first witness. Commissioner Kernan assured him that the investigation would be thorough, and asked the witness numerous questions as to his past and present occupation, and the nature of his official position in the A. K. U.

"Now," said the commissioner, "tell what, in your opinion, caused the railroad strikes."

"The strikes were caused," answered Mr. Howard, "by the statement of the general managers that they would back up Mr. Pullman during the strike."

"Who told you they would?"

"The newspapers printed the statement, crediting it to General Managers Egan and St. John."

Mr. Howard then entered into an exhaustive recital of the troubles leading up to the original Pullman strike. The men had announced their intention to strike, he said, but on being assured by the company's officials that the employees' grievances would be investigated, he urged the men to go back to work. This they did, on the promise of the company that the committees who had handled the trouble would not be discharged or otherwise injured because of the part they had taken in the matter. "And after that promise," continued the witness, "three of these committee-men were discharged. Then the men struck. Our union, after having failed to get any satisfaction from the Pullman Company, then endeavored by boycotting the company's cars to bring the matter to a satisfactory termination. We ordered no strike. We simply desired that the Pullman cars be left off of the trains. At this point we were again met by the General Managers' Association. They refused to haul mail cars unless the Pullmans were attached to the trains. Such action was entirely uncalled for. The Pullmans were in no wise necessary for the transmission of the United States mails. I can cite various cases where mail trains were run without Pullman coaches or other palace car equipment."

INDIA RUBBER ELBOWS.

A Boy Benefited by a Rare Surgical Operation.

A Girardville, Pa., despatch says: Blood poisoning, from which he suffered for ten years, diseased young William Jones, of this place, to such an extent that heroic measures were adopted for his relief. An Ashland surgeon several months ago removed the boy's elbow and shin bones and replaced them with India rubber substitutes. He now enjoys the perfect use of his arms and legs.

A BETTER PROSPECT.

Lady (to friend on a visit)—I hope you like the room I gave you, Amy, dear; there is a lovely view of the mountains—

Amy—Nothing can please me better, dear, except (eighing) the view of matrimony.

AS IT APPEARS.

Little Dick—What's this "higher life" the ladies are talkin' about?

Little Dot—I don't quite know. Mama says I isn't old enough to understand it; but I guess it's something about having lots of hired girls, and having nothing to do but sit around and talk about 'em.

when they found him.

As, when they found him. It looked as if they never would. There had been no strangers seen in the village, and everybody who lived there loved the dead man too much to even hurt a hair on his head. As for old Manuel, nobody thought for a moment of suspecting him.

There was no clue by which they could work, and the officers who came up from Guaymas went home again at the end of a week weary of their useless task.

The good padre who buried the murdered man out in the desolate graveyard of sand and cactus, where the sun was so hot it cracked all the wooden crosses, said a prayer that the villian might be brought to justice. But he had little hope that he would be.

"He has disappeared so completely the devil must be protecting him," said the old woman as they filed out through a broken space in the crumbling wall that did duty as a gate. "Poor ole Juan is dead, and he who murdered him is enjoying the blood-stained gold he took from his pockets," is what they thought as they slowly walked home after the last sad words had been said. They passed the house where the dead man had lived for so many years, and shuddered when they saw the dark spot on the ground stained with the blood of Juan that flowed from the ghastly knife wound in his back.

A month passed and poor old Juan was almost forgotten. His house was still untenanted. The padre had taken charge of it and regularly fed the many animal pets that Juan had taken such an interest in. They seemed to mourn the loss of their master more than the people to whom he had been so good. The murderer was still unknown.

Far away from Ortiz, in a beautiful valley of the Sierra Madre, a young man had been trying for weeks to forget something—trying to convince himself that he had not committed a great crime.

Again he was in the street before his father's house. Oh, if the old man were only alive he could surely prevent the terrible sound.

Somebody was coming, but Leonard hid in a shadow until they passed. "Any how, they don't know I did it," he thought.

"Whir, whir-flap, flap." This time it was closer than it had been before. Surely that was a dark form flying through the air. "I'm a bit frightened," the murderer thought, trembling in every limb. The dark form in the air drew nearer and nearer, flapping, whirring sound of fast and furious. "Keep away," Frontana yelled Leonard, and he thought, "The devil is dark, wicked form with a spiked tail." He flew north, Honora with his hands (M.P.P.; J.W.B., ex-M.P.C.; The dark form, C.R.A. Allison, South Patrick) mercy!" he howled. Ernestown; D. W. Allison darkness keep away! (H. G. King, who killed him.) The Boar whirring were close to him, in the first sun could see a pair of dark wings as if to enfold him. He struck out with his hands and struggled wildly, but the wings came closer and closer. He claws scratching his face and heard wings beating the air. Surely the devil had him.

A pain shot through his eye everything grew black, and it seemed as if the flames of hell were seething around him. He ceased struggling, fell to the ground, and lay still in death. The next morning the people of Ortiz found him lying in the same spot where his father's dead body had been discovered. The people were almost crazy with fear. The old padre shook his head and crossed himself. It was while they were carrying the body into the house that old Manuel noticed poor, murdered Juan's pet black eagle, that had been missing since he was killed, sitting on a wall near by. His feathers were torn and ragged, and he seemed interested in what was going on. But, of course, the eagle had nothing to do with the death of Leonard, at least that is what the padre said.

LARGEST BIBLE.

The largest Bible in the world is in the Vatican. It is a manuscript Bible and written in Hebrew. The book weighs 320 pounds, and there is a history connected with it. Some Italian Jews obtained a view of the precious volume and told their co-religionists at Venice of it. The consequence was that a syndicate of Venetian Jews endeavored to purchase it, offering the Pope the weight of the book in gold as the price. Pope Julius II, however, refused the offer. At the present price of gold the offer was one of no less than \$860,000. This is the largest price ever known to have been offered for a book.

CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

Will Carleton Compares Their Advantages,

THEIR CHARMS AND DANGERS,

And Finds Matter for Praise and Apology in Both—Dangers of City Life—The Country Boy and What He Must Face in the City.

So far as this world is concerned the country originates everything. It was made first, it flourished first, it supplied all the material of which our cities are composed. It builds the town, feeds it, recruits it. The roads that stretch from burgh to burgh gather the magnetism of the open district when passing through them and transmit a current to the depleted stone highways of the metropolis. As the railway passenger glances idly through the window of his drawing room car and finds the lamp twinkling from a farm house in some distant field, he is unconsciously viewing one of the sources of our great rivers of electric light that flow through Broadway, Tremont street, State street, Unter den Linden, The Corso and the Rue de Rivoli.

The farm house is a camp; the country himself in a gigantic area, in only a few of his neighbors. His first idea of the land is a large flat surface, broken, covered with grain and stubble, open for cones of shops and department stores, post-office, school, Terms on Applications, etc.

NOTICE OF MEETING.

LORS The Cowody better a teaching four books songs for something to the DUE! and heart-throbs, as able to more sensations o'do, and more ideas per month ; test styles. Hence it is 0. ambition is always drawn great flaming bonfire of city splendor, whether its owner turn out to be a moth, that finds this tempting glared only to die within it, or a phoenix, that flourishes under the ordeal and feeds on fire.

So out of a neighborhood corps of country boys several will go to the city and the remainder stay and "grow up," or down" with the country."

Some of those who remain find palatable food for their ambition at home; and become the generals and sometimes the half-proprietors of their rural neighbors. They get to be supervisors, town treasurers, members of the legislature—occasionally one of them goes to Congress. Now and then a rural genius develops enough financial thrift to add acre to acre, dollar to dollar, influence to influence, and promote himself to be a sort of untitled duke among his fellows—lending them money at a good rate per cent., and controlling many of their suffrages.

But the most of the farmers find that a life trip upon agricultural seas is not in a palatial steamer, with polished mechanism and comfortable berths; not even in a jaunty sailboat or a well-appointed skiff or canoe; it is a hard series of swamps, for one small island of temporary, financial breathing spells to another, full of heroic efforts to keep their heroic chins atop of the wave. Every animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom is constantly recruiting foes against the farmer. The insects depose delegates from the most enterprising and sagacious of their species to eat his crops before they are harvested. The rodents take as much interest in his agricultural returns as he does himself. The winged robbers of the air peep from above and consider it in the regular line of virtuous industry to help him gather his cereals. The microbes of all diseases that a plant can entertain constantly endeavor to make his product their camping ground.

But, worse than this, he is hunted by his own race. Capitalists and middle-

men that will save you and your friends much time.

The first recorded city was built by the first recorded murderer; and to this day a metropolis will kill you if it can. It is a war that never has peace or an armistice—glorying in triumphs and corpos alike—furnishing wedding garlands and funeral crape with the same stolid indifference.

When the country boy makes it a present of his rosy cheeks, balanced nerves and transparent brain, he gets nothing back but the stern question, "Can you sustain yourself here?" He finds himself arrayed against ten thousand fierce competitors that sneak and fight over every inch of pavement. All the facilities he brought along are met with the artillery of open opposition, and the subtle traps of hidden villainy. It is an open and long unanswered question whether the generations his race has spent in that enriching environment of the country deposited in him enough material to stand the ordeals. If so, he lives, thrives, and magnifies a thousand-fold the results of every talent and endeavor. If not, he is thrust into mere obscurity, or imprisoned or hanged or thrown back into the country to get strength to try it again, or to prepare for the next world.

City life at its best has a thousand subtle pleasures that the country cannot approach. It may, with the aid of wealth, be induced to combine the pleasures of the two, at different seasons of the year. City life at its worst is something to which the blacker regions themselves would be no very great addition.

And yet, many of the most miserable inhabitants of the town would not for anything change their location into more sparsely settled regions. They feel that they would be wretched and lonely, though in the midst of physical abundance. At present every street is to them a stage, covered with a drama. Their neighbors are all story-books; and they get more of this inkless literature in a day than could be procured in the country during a year. The funeral at the next corner; the murder that took place in the same block; the suicide that happened in the other street; the fire that broke out yesterday and killed three men—all of them parts of an intensely interesting drama. Also are the hundreds of charities; the gracious and kindly deeds; the mind-nourishing entertainments; the eloquent sermons; the glittering pageants; these are all frequent legitimate blessings of the city life.

We may set it down as a fact that both environments are full of advantages and disadvantages—blessings and curses; that both are indispensable, not only to the development, but to the existence of our race, and if we use them rightly we may every day feel to thank God for both the city and the country.

Will Carleton.

THEY MISSED THE BOAT,

And Concluded to Marry to Avoid Scandal.

BUNTING FOR A PARSON.

A New York despatch says: Edward Brown, property man of the Star Theatre, Brooklyn, who lives at No. 52 St. Mark's place, in that city, went to Bowery Bay with Miss Agnes Neill on Wednesday. She is 19 years old and a governess at No. 155 East Forty-ninth street, this city. Edward had courted her for a year and the wedding was fixed for September 8th.

They missed the last boat to this city from Bowery Bay and took a trolley car to Williamsburg, but when they reached the Twenty-third street ferry Agnes told Edward that, as it was 11 o'clock, she would not go home. The house in which she lived was locked up at that hour.

Here was a dilemma indeed. They finally concluded to get married at once, but they hunted in vain for a clergyman. Then, in desperation, they went to the Lee Avenue Police Station, hoping in a vague way that the sergeant might be able to perform the ceremony.

So it was that Sergeant Joseph Hayes heard their story and sympathized with them. Agnes, who is fair haired, young and pretty, was blushing vigorously during the recital, and Edward himself was so embarrassed that it was difficult he told of the predicament.

"If there is a clergyman in town," said the kind-hearted sergeant, calling Policeman "Jerry" Reagan, "find him

STORING STABLE FOOD.

Summer Vegetables Laid Away for Winter Use.

MILK SUPPLY INCREASED.

Ensilage, Beets, Carrots and Parsnips Recommended as Well as a Mess of Roots—Valuable Farm Hints.

A greater production of milk in winter would be secured if a supply of succulent food could be stored away for use during that season of the year. The farmer has several crops at his command, such as ensilage, beets, carrots, parsnips and turnips. It may not be necessary to grow them all, but there is something gained, however, in having a variety. When cows can be given a ration composed of not only hay and grain, but other dry foods as well, with a mess of roots once a day for a change, the diet will be such as to promote greater consumption of food and a corresponding increase of milk. Cows differ in their preference of food, and this fact alone should be an indication that each individual must be treated according to her peculiarities. Although a herd may exceed the average in production, yet some individual may not be partial to the food allowed, and fail to fulfil expectations. It is in such cases that the farmer who is well supplied with variety of food will be enabled to provide for each animal according to its desires, and thus increase the product.

EXPERIMENTS IN FEEDING.

Experiments have been made with all kinds of root crops, beets and carrots having the preference. Turnips are used, but objection is made that they affect the flavor of milk, though they are excellent for steers, calves, pigs and sheep. The feeding of beets to cows has demonstrated that they increase the consumption of other foods, promote a greater flow of milk, and add to the butterfat, but the cost was not as low as when ensilage was used, the latter standing first in value, considering its cost, though beets can be grown profitably as a winter food also. When both ensilage and beets are fed, especially in connection with the regular rations of hay, grain, etc., the results have been much more satisfactory than when any single food was given. Beets and grain will show better results than either beets or grain alone, and the same applies to ensilage. As these facts have been demonstrated by tests, the importance of a variety should not be overlooked.

ROOTS FOR FATTENING STOCK.

Animals that are intended to give a profit by increased weight of the body instead of producing something, such as steers, wethers and store hogs, are carried over into winter with the view of fattening them as rapidly as possible after the crops have been harvested. Steers and sheep are made to consume food that is not considered the best for cows (producers), and the most rapid gain in weight has resulted when grain and roots have been used for that purpose. A large crop of turnips should be an object, especially as there is yet time to grow them. The small potatoes also are valuable for stock, and no farmer should fail to grow a crop of carrots for his horses. When carrots are grown and fed to cows the milk is of a deeper color, and they are a luxury to all animals. In fattening animals for market the food should be such as to cause them to gain rapidly, and the value of roots is increased by their dietary effect in inducing greater consumption of other foods as well as lessening the cost.

VARIOUS USEFUL NOTES.

Have you a pair of scales? They are next in importance to a pencil in active service.

Color, flavor and grain are three essential elements of butter.

The present low prices of farm products makes it necessary to reduce their cost of production to the minimum.

In experiments made by the Arkansas experiment station Bordeaux mixture proved the best preventive of apple scab.

If you keep your milk and cream in the cellar along with turnips, potatoes and rotten pumpkins, and have no other place to keep milk and cream, sell your cows.

A dairy writer says that you had better begin dairying with two cows and a strong desire to thoroughly learn the business, than with ten cows and a

OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale,
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat,
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat,

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox,
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox,
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air,
As rich as was Croesus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin,
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin,
As dead as a door nail,
As white as a sheet,
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat,
As brown as a berry,
As blind as a bat,
As mean as a miser,
As full as a tick,
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,
As dark as a pall,
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall,
As fine as a fiddle,
As clear as a bell,
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather,
As hard as a rock,
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock,
As green as a goose,
As brisk as a bee,
And now let me stop,
Lest you weary of me.

MY NEIGHBOR.

My neighbor was a widder, an' she hed a run-down farm,
An' her cows an' pigs an' chickens done a mighty lot o' harm
To my fields alinin', an' I stood it quite a while,
Till I wouldn't be imposed on in no sich kind o' style.

So, I looked my very maddest as I walked up to her door.
Till she looked up at me smilin' while a-washin' up the floor,
An' her cheeks was red as roses an' her hair is black es night;
I forgot to scold an' she her, for she seemed so sweet an' bright.

But my hand was to the plow now, an' it wouldn't never do
To fotgit them derperdations jes' by lookin' at her shoe,
So I gathered up my anger an' I said:
"Now, Mrs. Brown,"

An' my tone put over her eyes' light an' the lashes they fell down.

But I ain't no man for foolin', an' I went right on to say
How her pigs et all my melons an' her cows et tons of hay;
How her chickens scratched my corn out,
an' I wouldn't bev it so,
Gittin' harder all the time, like a madman will, you know.

Then the widder she looked up, with a teardrop on her cheek,
An' a somethin' in her throat that wouldn't let her speak,
But she sobbed an' cried out in a kind o' teary tone
That she had no one to help er, an' was poor an' all alone.

An' my hand was off the plow then an' a-reachin' out for her,
I hed learnt a sudden lesson that I never thought I'd learn.

Well, my scoldin' was a failure, seein' what I thought to do,
For her pigs an' cows are all here, an' the widder's with 'em, too.

—Will F. McSparran.

LOVE'S DELIGHTFUL STORY.

Dost thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle sensuous
Nymphs recline, when lovers near
Press the tenderest reasons?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
To the careless woer;
Maiden's hearts are always soft;
Would that men's were truer.

Woo the fair one, when around
Early birds are singin';
When o'er all the fragrant ground
Every herb is springing;
When the brookside bank and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love—
Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her when, with rosy blush,
Summer eve is sinking;
When, on rills that softly gush,
Stars are softly winking;
When, through boughs that knit the
bower,
Moonlight gleams are stealing;
Woo her, till the gentle hour
Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
Tinge the woody mountain;

part of virtuous industry to help him gather his cereals. The microbes of all diseases that a plant can entertain constantly endeavor to make his product their camping ground.

But, worse than this, he is hunted by his own race. Capitalists and middlemen are always studying how to get his crops at half price, or to charge wreckers' rates for moving them to market. Peddlers walk and drive up and down the roads and lanes to sell him mechanical disasters for hard-earned money. Swindlers by trade pound the pillow with their cunning heads or fish in the midnight oil to find some new way of robbing him without personal violence. In spite of open-air habits, bad health constantly pursues the agriculturist, and often runs him down. Law-suits have time to grow and fester into silent vendettas, and feed the attorneys from his stacks and bins. Is it any wonder that so many farmers rise in the morning with an old rusty mortgage on their hearts, work all day, lifting and prying under it, and fall asleep at night to dream that it is crushing their very souls?

Not but that there are brighter pictures upon the wall of a country sky; hours of peace, patches of sunshine, days of happiness. The long winter evening visits, the plates of apples by the hearth, the foaming mugs of cider, the harvest homes, the picnics, the festivals—these may all bring their blessed smiling faces into every rural life. Rainy days, winter storms, tranquil Sundays, all give him lessons of more or less contented rest. If he loves to think and dream, the wide spaces occupied only by the works of God, give him great opportunity. But whoever expects country life to be a Garden of Eden into which Satan's curiosity has not yet led him to intrude will find himself terribly deceived by this same Satan.

A temporary sojourn in country districts for city people is a modest pre-instalment of Heaven, if they can afford it. They find it very pleasant to drive upon rural-streets behind a pair of prancing gray or bays, feeling a well-filled portemonnaie in their pockets, and looking placidly at the country people ploughing furrows and raking the hay. It occurs to them widow would like to do some of

Notice so. They would—for about section 36, &c.

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TO SOME RECENT NOVELS.

There are thoughts that the mind cannot fathom,
The mind of the animal male;
But women abundantly have them,
And mostly her notions prevail.
And why ladies read what they do read
Is a thing that no man may explain,
And if any one asks for a true rede
He asketh in vain.

Oh, why is each "passing repression"
Of stories that gloomily bore,
Received with the subtle expression
Of almost unspeakablelore?
In the dreary, the grubby, the grimy,
Say, why do our women delight,
And wherefore so constantly ply me
With ships in the night?

Dear ladies, in vain you approach us,
With Harradens, Hobbes and Granda;
For, alas! though you offer to coach us,
Yet the soul of no man understands
Why the grubby is always the moral,
Why the nasty's preferred to the nice,
While you keep up a secular quarrel
With a gay little vice.

Yes, a vice with her lips full of laughter,
A vice with a rose in her hair,
You condemn, in the present and after,
To darkness of utter despair;
But a sin, if no rapture redeem it,
But a passion that's pale and played
out,
Or in surgical hands—you esteem it
Worth scribbling about.

What is save for the goose, for the gander,
Is saucy, ye inconsequent fair!
It is better to laugh than to maulder,
And better is mirth than despair;
And though life's not all beer and all
skittles,

Yet the sun, on occasion, can shine,
And, non Dene, he's a fool who belittles
This cosmos of thine.

There are cakes, there is ale—ay, and
ginger
Shall be not in the mouth, as of old;
And a villain, with cloke and with
whinger,
And a hero, in armor of gold,
And a maid with a face like a lily,
With a heart that is stainless and gay,
Made a tale worth a world of the silly
Sad trash of to-day!

—Andrew Lang, in Longman's.

WHEN BABY GOES TO SLEEP.

When Katie takes the baby, and the nodding little head
Gives token that it's weary and would
like to go to bed,
An air of death-like stillness 'bout the
house begins to creep,
And everybody's silent when the baby
goes to sleep.

Sometimes I get so frightened that I almost lose my breath—
If I chance to make a bit of noise it
Gives me most to death,
When from 'neath a tiny eyebrow I see a
half-way peep

From big blue eyes, when baby has almost gone to sleep.

And when at last the twinkling of a tiny smile appears
On lips that angel kisses softly touch as
Dreaming ears,
I give a sigh of gladness that is full of thanks, and deep,
That the world can once more move on,
for baby's gone to sleep.

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

He is a bachelor pro tem;
His wife's away,
And meanwhile—you can make a mem-life isn't play.

He sleeps in all the beds in turn.
Would make his wife's face set and stern
If she could see how things are mussed
Since she went off, in placid trust
That things would stay where they were left

While her dear hubby was bereft.

The bureau drawers are half pulled out,
With shirts and socks strewn all about
The floor, because he tried one day,
To find a shirt she'd put away.

The parlor hasn't once been swept,
The old cigar stump has kept
Upon the centre table, where
There chanced to be a small place bare.

Just in the kitchen in a pile
Are all the dishes gathered while
her indolent, though loving, spouse
has been a bachelor keeping house,
the pie will grow without doubt
As long as the supply holds out,
Then he'll brace up, when need confronts,
And wash the whole lot up at once.

The whole house has a musty air
Of stale tobacco; everywhere
Newspapers litter up the floor—
And I could tell you of much more
Which, if his dear wife knew of it,
Would make her fall down in a fit.

Things have gone to wreck and wrack
While she's away,
And you can bet when she comes back
Life won't be play.

LOVING SICK VS. SEASICK.

With bemoaning smile he led his blushing

A FAIR MAIDEN'S NO.

The Story of an Unprecedented Courtship and a Betrayed Trust.

(Not Yet Published in Book Form.)

"By no means," came Carroll's quick reply. "In itself I should say that it was neither hollow nor false. Society, as I have seen it here, strikes me as an aim, an effort, toward excellent results. But I can only imagine it successful when it has become a picturesque relaxation for those chiefly concerned with less frivolous pursuits."

"Ah, yes," Channing sighed; "but would it then be picturesque?"

"More so than it now seems to me. The diversion of idlers, must, of necessity, prove self-fatiguing. Where there is ennui there is inevitably dulness."

"How has he learned all this?" thought Channing. But aloud he said:

"Give this mass of idlers the incentives of their intellectual superiors, would not their route and dances and dinners flavor of a workingmen's holiday?"

"It would at least be spontaneous and unmechanical. If society be anything, I should say that it is amusement. And the instant that amusement is made professional it becomes tedious. All gaiety as I take it, should be a relief, not an occupation. I have often read about the stupidity of social life in large towns like this. Is not the explanation easy? Satiety is the sure shadow cast by over-indulgence. I would rather spend my life cultivating cabbages, with an occasional chance of looking into my neighbor's tropical hothouse, than pass the whole year round among those meadowlarks of roses which are grown for the sake of essence in Asiatic Turkey."

"So, then, in the main, you disapprove society, Carroll?"

"I disapprove its claims which have too pompous a vaunt. It reminds me of certain assumptions on the part of Christianity, an institution, which in itself might be more acceptable to some of our finer minds if it did not so often assume to have invented all the human virtues."

"Your three stipulated months in this old Courtaigne house have now passed," Channing said at another time. "Are you thinking of a return to Southmeadow, or have you resolved on that trip to Europe, in which I know you would find such relish and refreshment?"

"I shall stay here for the present," Carroll said. "I have many matters to carry me here; it is surprising how quickly we sometimes put forth new root in new soil."

"Ah, I know, you mean, of course, your charities. They accumulate naturally. Once place yourself in the full rush of the avalanche, and it will bury you forever."

"Not so ignominious a burial, I should say, after all," smiled Carroll. "A few affairs interest me," he added; "I've mentioned to you most of them."

"You've shown me that you're splendidly philanthropic, and that in doing good you behave as stealthily and surreptitiously as most men behave when they do evil. You've seen something of our blazoning newspapers, and you're as much afraid of them as if you forged cheques criminally, instead of signing them for the good of your fellow-men."

"Recalling dear old Southmeadow," said Carroll, with evasive thoughtfulness, "I confess that I should love to see it when May brings those green glimpses to the slopes of the hills and touches their big shoulders, at morning and evening, with that delicate, smoky blue. I should like to see the laurel thickets put out their lighter tints of emerald below the old, hard, glossy ones of leaves that had brunted all sorts of winter savagaries. I should like to watch the slow and dignified unleafings of those brawny roadside elms. They're never really magistrates in the way of trees, you remember, till they're confident the wavering politics of spring will fully endorse their mild administrations. They wait for summer to come and support them, notwithstanding that venturesome spring flings out its green banners everywhere before it is even sure that the tyranny of March has ended such an awful dynasty of despots as that which began with ruffian December and went straight on through the icy assassinations of January and February. But grass grows wiser as it grows older:

that lady simply laid down her inseparable novel and answered calmly:

"How perfectly awful! But so many of the Rutgers family have gone off in just the same way!"

Philippa's reply was to fall in a dead swoon on an opportune sofa. For days afterward she was so ill as to forget her old solicitude for her mother, whose least plaint had so disturbed her. She lay in bed wholly prostrated while the funeral of Winthrop Rutgers took place. But Carroll went to it, and to the grave at Woodlawn cemetery as well. Channing also went; and when all was over, and the two turned away, Carroll said with breaking voice to his friend:

"Ah, Chalmers, Chalmers, how my heart aches for that poor girl!"

Channing, with his doubts, reserves and opinions, made answer:

"She may not, after all, be so bereaved. She may still—"

"No, no!" insisted Carroll, "she loved that one man absorbingly. I know of what I speak. God help her, poor girl, poor girl!"

He paused and dropped his head. Sudden sobe racked him. They were apart, together, in a quiet spot, engirt with the white emblems of death. At a slight distance beyond the other mourners were filing slowly from the cemetery, below a clouded sky, full of cold, grey, mutable lights.

"Carroll," exclaimed Channing, as he seized his friend's arm, "it's like fate! You love her and you'll marry her still!"

"Never, never," he spoke with very agitated voice, but in another instant he was self-controlled. Sometime before they quitted the grounds of the graveyard he said earnestly and most meaningly to Channing:

"I wish I were as certain of some day leaving the world a little better than I found it as I am certain that she has never loved any man but Rutgers."

"Oh, love can change so!" said Channing, with a sort of sober gaiety. "As the poet tells us, you know, it 'flies like a bird from tree to tree.' Allow that she loved him this year and the last, and the last before that. Next year (why not?) she may give to you—"

"Hush, Chalmers!"

Carroll laid his hand on the speaker's arm, and added, with tones that were decision itself, although vibrant with feeling:

"I don't want that sort of love. I would never prize it; I would never seek it; I would never accept it!"

VIII.

Philippa grew gradually better. Her illness had almost defied the physicians at first; it had been a complete nervous collapse, in which vitality had flickered low, like the flame of a lamp whose defective wick no fresh oil could properly feed. But at length convalescence came; and with it came a great joy that for some blessed reason her weak nerved mother had not sunk into a fresh illness because of her own wretched attack.

"Dear mamma," she kept saying, as soon as she was well enough to think and talk rationally, "I am so glad that you took it all with such splendid firmness."

"There was nothing else for me to do," Mrs. Chadwick would reply, with that ostentatious vanity which chronic invalids are wont to show when periods of strength revisit them. "There was no one but myself to nurse you, my dear, and I rose to the occasion."

Philippa soon learned from the sturdy and faithful servant, who had been her nurse since childhood, that this was all the most apocryphal sort of declaration on her mother's part, but she did not mind the harmless fairy tale; it even gratified her as a proof of the poor lady's more promising health.

As her own health improved she was forced to see several people, and Mrs. Bellaaye was almost first to pay her a cousinly call.

She had hardly been five minutes in the girl's company before she began to scold her.

"You're looking much better than I expected to find you, Philippa. I was so sorry you couldn't appear at the funeral. For, of course, my dear, it caused

no added fun into the fact, which liniment he so treasured. But the grief. That you do not mention. You leave me to infer it. And I do! But my sympathies need not be declared. You divine them, I hope. They are best phrased by silence."

"Thanks," she murmured.

"I heard from Mrs. Bellayee that you were brighter and stronger," he went on; but with a quick toss of the head and a gesture of intolerance she interrupted him.

"Please don't speak of that inopportune woman!" she pleaded. "I felt like airing my room the last time she left it."

"Indeed?"

"Let us talk of something else. Have you made up your mind to see Europe this summer?"

"No." And he added, with a smile:

"I shall try Southmeadow instead."

"Your beloved, Southmeadow? How

you will enjoy seeing it again!"

"I'm fond of it certainly. But it will be full of mournful memories now."

"Ah, yes. Your mother and your old teacher, I recollect."

"And then there is another feeling about going back there."

"Another feeling?"

"I shall have lived very deeply since I left that peaceful place. All these earlier years will be nothing beside the few months that have followed the."

She understood him, and with quivering heartbeats. He had once told her that he loved her, and only such a brief while ago! For herself, she had never loved any man but him—the slow, dragging intermission of her engagement had made that fact too fatally plain. All through those weeks her torment of mind had been so savage that almost suicidal moods had been begotten of it. Not grief, not bereavement, but the sudden shock of release, the rekindled deal freedom after bitter thoughts of nuptial bondage, had flung her of some of illuous fitness.

This Carroll totally feigns to steer what was to her future. shackles meant to selling immense

dire blow. Necessity to bewail Flour, bled. See?

an age we are weak or defective, have blight. Society and the defect corrected last me. nothing your eyesight, and folding were allowing of spectacles, is no great spiritual in us. We have in of self-reproach optician, with all the thought how ill-timed as there is no allusion to whatever may not take advisable preference had & BROs. suffer.

Not waiting for her to die, went on: "But pray pardon me. I did not come here to speak of my rebukes. Whatever they have in store still are, I am fortunately blessed with a man's power to bear them."

She knew that her color deepened a little as she answered: "And then time has its lenitives for all our wounds. When the scar has come, the pain has nearly always quite departed."

She did not like this speech, even while she was making it. But there seemed such difficulty in saying anything that would not have for his ears the wrong ring.

"With you," he quickly answered, "the scar can surely not yet have come?"

She hated the hypocrisy of letting him believe that Rutgers' death had not been a stern affliction. And yet, was not this man but lately her accepted lover? In another minute she found her lips quietly framing the response:

"I trust soon to face the future with much more courage than now. Already I find myself of better cheer. One either dies under calamity, or fights it and conquers."

"Those are brave words!" he exclaimed. "It pleases me so much to hear you utter them."

His eyes were beaming toward her with their well-remembered commandingm-ent of innocence and strength, of childlike trust and virile firmness. But she dreaded now to meet their full and fearless gaze. She had divined in him the secure depth of his own complete misunderstanding.

He would never guess the truth. Their conversation became a mockery now. She longed to end it, and yet longed to continue it. As a consequence her talk became fitful, broken, unauthentic. She said things that she did not mean, or meant but partially, or that sounded to her own ears like the very riff-raff of platitude. Once or twice she contradicted herself in a weak and even flourishing way. She was glad to have him go, and yet almost hysterically sorry. His last sentences, in which he told her that she must always count on him if she needed any sort of friendly aid, were easily

And you can bet when she comes back
Life won't be play.

LOVENSICK VS. SEASICK.

With beaming smile he led his blushing bride
Aboard the ocean ship, and fondly hoped
The blissful voyage would fulfill his dreams
(The couple had that afternoon eloped).

The steamer vast passed swiftly from the shore;
Left far behind was each familiar view;
And as the moments passed the sun sank low,
And night encompassed round the lovers true.

He drew her close in rapturous embrace,
And whispered—kissing lips, and throat and brow—
"At last we are alone, hearts beat as one,
No power on earth can separate us now!"

She gazed into his eyes; and murmured low:
"I don't regret eloping, though unlawful;
My love is true, I'm sure my heart's all right.
But, Charlie, dear, my stomach feels just awful."

A SAFE ATTACHMENT.

The door of many a maiden's heart
Is slightly fastened, ill defined;
A whispered word, a blush, a start,
The key has turned, the siege is ended.
But she I worship will but mock
At thoughts of such sweet perturbation.

Her heart has got a patent lock,
And no one knows the combination.

Ah, if the word be "love," my dear,
Which opens all your heart's fair treasure,
I'll strive for entrance without fear,
For my devotion knows no measure.
But if it opes to "money," I
Can never even dare to try it;
Your dear perfection comes too high
For me to ever hope to buy it.

A SLEEP SONG.

Sleep, O my darling, sleep;
Safe folded are the sheep;
The faint stars lie in the quiet sky,
The soft wind croons thy lullaby;
The leaves upon the linden tree
Are whispering tenderly to thee,
And close at hand lies Slumberland
O sleep, my darling, sleep.

Wake, O my darling, wake,
The sunbeams kiss the lake;
The seagulls fly to the eastern sky,
The happy ships are sailing by;
The birds upon the linden tree
Are calling merrily to thee,
The whole glad earth is rimmed with mirth,
O wake, my darling, wake.

WHEN BABY PUT ON PANTS.

It's a day we all remember, and its scene
Of solemn state,
Still casts a gleam of sadness, when at home we congregate,
For a baby form is missing, and no childish prattle grants
Its music sweet, refreshing, since the baby put on pants.

'Twas a transformation truly, and it marked an epoch grave,
It took away dear babyland and boyhood to us gave;
The change could be discovered with the slightest kind of glance
At the pride flushed face of baby—that day he put on pants.

It closed the door of lullaby and opened wide the gate
That leads from arms of mother to the hill of man's estate:
The light of dawning future 'cross the fragrant pathway slants
Of baby and entrails him—on the day he puts on pants.

THE FLOWER AND THE SUN.

When flower cups closed in the evening
Wind—
For the happy day was done—
One blossom of gold grew pale and sad,
For she missed her love, the sun.

That morn when she ope'd her sleepy eyes
On the world to her so new
The sun had been first to kiss her cheek
And lend her his splendid hue,
And all through the happy summer day
She swayed in his mellow light,
While wild birds sang and the cool brook
Was dashed.

And her life was sweet and bright.
But faint and fainter his dear light grew
As the gray mist came o'er all,
And pale grew her cheek where gold had been,
As she saw the shadows fall.

When darkness fell on the lonesome wood
In sorrow she drooped her head,
For had not Night slain the golden sun,
And was not her lover dead?

sure that the tyranny of March has ended such an awful dynasty of despots as that which began with ruffian December and went straight on through the icy assassinations of January and February. But grass grows wiser as it grows older; it tempers with the resurrected aristocracies of the violets and crocuses." Here Carroll, pardonably in love with his own impromptu metaphor, threw back his head and softly laughed. "There always seems to me," his mellow voice went on, "such a delightfully sly and insidious compromise between that desperado, that green republican, as one might call grass, and the calm monarchy of summer, under which it consents to serve so long, placid days as the very carpet on which she may rest her lazy, if sovereign, feet."

He said all this dreamily, and Channing, as he listened and watched him, wondered if a man like Winthrop Rutgers would treat it with merely a ridiculous shrug.

In this disapprobation of solitude Carroll nowadays accepted certain offers of hospitality from those with whom his name and wealth wrought strongly as a motive for desiring his presence. Philippa heard of his having gone here and there; and one day to her mother (whose mournful murmurings had now grown almost a torture) she said, in her old weary, indifferent voice:

"Anna Bellasyse told me yesterday that she had Carroll Courtaine there to dine."

"Yes?" whined Mrs. Chadwick, discontinuing her chronic novel, read equally by lamplight and daylight. "So he is going out more into the world."

"Oh, he goes out a good deal. Why shouldn't a man go after a few months of mourning? I find that they all do. It's only we women who have to obey the letter of the law in its least details." She bent down and inhaled the fragrance of some big red roses that Rutgers had sent her on the previous day.

"I think," said Mrs. Chadwick, with a king of querulous austerity, "that women defy laws in their way just as men do in theirs." She gave a thin cough, and sighingly added: "The laws of affection, for example." Philippa sighed below her breath. She did not want her mother to hear that sigh. Ever since her engagement she had had trouble with her mother. Mrs. Chadwick had narrowly escaped a relapse when her engagement was announced, and now she would frequently deport herself with the most aggravated petulance.

There were times when Philippa would have given worlds to tell her that Carroll had chosen some other woman. As regarded her own deportment, she held herself very collected and firm minded before maternal eyes. What her mother had fervently desired, what she still took occasion to make evident that she fervently desired, Philippa had burdensome and dismal reasons for ignoring.

"The laws of affection?" she now repeated coldly. "Oh, mamma, how you will harp on that idea of my not being properly fond of Winthrop." With gloomy haste. "Very well, my dear, you've made your choice."

Philippa, still leaning above her saffron-tinted roses, gave monotonously sweet response: "Dear, dear, as if I had any choice as far as concerned him!"

"You had, you had," insisted Mrs. Chadwick, across the page of her resumé book, "you liked him; you liked him exceptionally. Nothing can ever persuade me that you could not have married him if you had chosen."

"Well, let it be as you say," answered Philippa, colorlessly. "As things go I might as well be the wife of Winthrop. You told me, mamma dear, that you had done with all complaining. We've settled everything between us, have we not? I'm sorry I ever mentioned Carroll Courtaine's name. I only did so to show you that he wasn't the inconsolable as your fancy paints him."

That very afternoon a brief note came to her. She shuddered, and nearly swooned as she read it. "At death's door," she said to her maid huskily, while wraps were being put on her and a carriage was being summoned.

"Have courage, Miss Philippa," came the servant's voice. "It may not be so bad. His landlady has scribbled these lines. Perhaps she is only frightened, and when you get to him all will be over."

All was over when Philippa stood beside her lover. He had died, quickly and somewhat painlessly, as so many of his family had died before him. An hour ago well and active, now mute, yellow-cheeked, stirless dead!

She dreaded the getting home and telling her mother. But when, with staggering gait and ashen face, she did

impert the news to Mrs. Chadwick,

sold her.

"You're looking much better than I expected to find you, Philippa. I was so sorry you couldn't appear at the funeral. For, of course, my dear, it caused remark; and you know as well as I do that there is such a thing as making real, determined efforts. I'm sure I have to make them every day of my life. I have to do it with dear Jack. He's called a model husband by everybody, and yet sometimes he is very irritating and unreasonable."

"So you make an effort, do you, Anna, to bear with your mutinous Jack?" As Philippa spoke these words, an accent of satire haunted each syllable. "Well, as regards myself, I can only tell you that on the day of poor Winthrop's funeral nearly everything was a blank to me. The doctors now say that they feared heart failure. I believe something of the sort really happened to me. But, as you see, I live to tell the ghastly tale."

"Was it actually so dreadful?" signed Mrs. Bellasyse, with what her listener could not but feel an insulting dubiousness. "Well, you're all right now, and I'm so glad! By the way, Carroll Courtaine dined with us yesterday. He seems wonderfully improved."

"Improved? How?" asked Philippa.

"Oh, he's more civilized, don't you know?"

"Really, I never knew that he ate with his knife, Anna."

Mrs. Bellasyse gave an acid giggle.

"No; he used it in other ways. He stabbed people with it when they were most unprepared."

"I'm thankful that I escaped unscathed."

"Very probably he spares you, Philippa. And he spoke about you with great anxiety and solicitude."

"It seems so convinced that you've had a blow from which you will never thoroughly recover. He said, in most distinct terms, that he felt you would live unmarried for the rest of your life."

Philippa's eyes kindled, a little irritably. "So he discussed me like that, did he? Was it not, Anna, because you were in a scolding vein, and attacked me?"

"Attacked you? I?" piped Mrs. Bellasyse, turning pale and greatly scandalized. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said Philippa, in her old weary tones. "That is, nothing and a great deal. You probably assailed me for having played ill, and Carroll Courtaine defended me by just the remark you have quoted."

"Philippa Chadwick!" exclaimed her cousin, with extreme haughtiness. And then there would probably have been some scolding in hearty earnest if the mother of the recovering invalid had not glided up and said:

"Now, dear Anna, I can't permit my poor child to get in the least excited. Truly, I cannot!"

And Mrs. Bellasyse presently withdrew, doubtless all the more furious at her young relative because she had hit upon the exact motive for Carroll's reported speech.

"I do think," said Philippa to her mother when they were alone together, "that Anna grows more and more horrid and impossible every year of her life!"

"And so do I!" assented Mrs. Chadwick, with a celerity that swiftly roused in her daughter a queer suspicion. This suspicion gathered force as Philippa's parent went on. "In her way Anna is the most jealous of women. I read her perfectly, though she may think I don't. She would hate the idea of Carroll Courtaine ever trying to take poor Winthrop's place, dear, because she wants none of her family ever to marry a single inch above herself. She'd be inconsolable if—"

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" almost shouted Philippa, coloring to her eyebrows. "When you speak like that you make me feel as if I'd refuse to see Carroll Courtaine, even though he should send me the humblest petition to come and give me his condolences!"

But Carroll, about a week later, sent no such humble petition, and yet was received with gracious welcome.

"Oh, yes, I am much better now," said Philippa, while she dropped into a chair and motioned for him to take one scarcely a yard away. "Do I show my illness?"

"Yes, you are a trifler paler and thinner. Your sorrow has had its effect—and why not? You have suffered terribly, of course. But I am glad your suffering has left upon you no more marked impress."

"The shock," said Philippa, breaking a somewhat long pause, "was naturally most acute."

"The shock—yes," Carroll answered, with his eyes on the carpet. Suddenly

weak and even flourishing way. She was glad to have him go, and yet almost hysterically sorry. His last sentences, in which he told her that she must always count on him if she needed any sort of friendly aid, were easily translatable as a final farewell, and equivalent to his having said that the ghost of her lost sweetheart must ever rise between them, and that her own sorrow and constancy must ever push them apart.

"He didn't make half as long a visit as I expected, dear," said her mother when she was again upstairs and had dropped into the big cushioned chair that was now almost her sole practical reminder of what a sick girl she had lately been.

"He stayed very long, I think," she answered, with lips tightened at the corners and a faint quivering of the chin. "That is, considering how I may have bored him."

"May have bored him, Philippa? Why, what are you saying?"

"And it will be his last visit for heaven knows how long," she went on, with blanched eyes and a restless little slapping of one hand on the tufted arm of the chair. "He believes me heart-broken. He thinks I've sustained an irreparable loss."

Mrs. Chadwick stared at her child.

"And didn't you tell him?" she began.

"Tell him what, mamma?" cried Philippa, with a soft, wild laugh. She left her chair and slipped over to her mother. Two rosy spots were burning on her cheeks. "Tell him I engaged myself to poor Winthrop out of pique? Tell him my illness was more than half brought on because of horror and remorse at my own relief when I heard that frightful news?"

The two plunged their looks into each other's eyes for a moment. Then Philippa caught both her mother's hands and sank down at her feet.

"Oh, mamma! I ought to be more careful! I've grown so cruel to you! And I used to watch and shield you so before I was taken ill! Soon I'll have to nurse if I'm not more careful."

Mrs. Chadwick's eyes had filled with tears, and she was visibly trembling.

"I—I seem to be stronger, by golly, since you have lost your son a matter."

"No—no; I've regained it."

"But your happiness, Philippa, almost ev lost that when you real—had the org for the first time in your life."

"Hush, mamma," said Philippa, following my tongue," she added, out of a 58 not satiric humor, "it's not nice to 30 not cue for you to be a 58 organ."

Mrs. Chadwick, Metal....58 notes 8 pipes—
Piano, Flute, wood 58 " 8

"Well, Metal, Metal....58 " 4 went on in Metal & Wood....58 " 4

diately having Metal....58 " 273

mistrusts, if— 58 " 2

truth and can't see it, m— 58 " 16 is with his curious bringin' 58 " 16

her restricted education, 58 " 16 ber what a woman of the 58 " 16

to be. Oh, I could put it 58 " 16 in such an adroitly delicate m— 58 " 16

it would kill me, mamma, if you ever did!"

The girl had sprung to her feet and was looking down at her mother now with a face of such stormy protest that its pathetic violence haunted the poor lady for hours afterward.

IX.

"It seems, Carroll, as if I hadn't seen you in six months."

"It's nearly a week, Chalmers."

"Upon my word, I believe you're right." And Channing, with a lighted cigarette, threw himself into the chair most to his taste of those in the library of his friend. It was only a little after 8 o'clock. Carroll had just dined in solitude at home, as he now quite often did. Channing looked a most patrician figure, with some white violets bunched massively in the lapel of his evening coat.

"I thought I might find you," he said, "and have a chat before I go to the Lexington's ball. You're probably not going, by the way?"

"It seems to me that I'm not bidden," said Carroll, a little dubiously.

Channing threw his head back, with a laugh. "How like you! It seems to me that I'm not bidden!" You probably are, for the Courtaines and Lexingtons are somehow related, I think. And there are men in this town who would give an ear to be seen at their ball-to-

night." On the table near him was a basketful of cards. Carroll turned and looked among them. "Ah, yes!" he presently said. "It's one of those 'At home' al-

fair, which you told me did not require an answer."

"And you've lots of other cards, I see."

"Yes, persons are kind enough to ask me a good deal. But I rarely go. First, you know, I am still in mourning; second, society rather gaddens me than enlivens, and those whom it thus affects are wise to avoid it."

"True; but isn't it wholesomer, humbler, Carroll, to care for the gatherings of one's kind?"

"Oh, beyond a doubt. If you could meet real society. I suppose it exists here."

"It isn't organized, you know. There's the trouble. Our fashionables have things all their own way in that respect. But, of course, there are lots of delightful people in a huge place like New York. The devil of it is to know just where to find them—as one knows just where to find the smart sets."

"The conversation of those whom you call the smart sets, Chalmers, I have mostly thought as commonplace as that of the Bowery. The only difference between the two is that one is unshathed in refinement, and the other lacks it. But diamonds and dainty tailoring can only emphasize a poverty of ideas."

"I don't defend our society," smiled Channing. "But still, Carroll, perhaps what you affirm a poverty of ideas may quite often be a concealment of them. To-night at the Lexingtons', for example, there I shall meet men and women of much intelligence, who enjoy as relaxation all the glitter, vanity and pomp."

"Ah, doubtless. Aristocracy, pretentiousness, exclusiveness, frequently have the power to influence large and even earnest minds. This, I should say, is enormously pitiable and yet true. Still, on the other hand, it is not surprising things are fooling and evil are often clad in outward charm. The historic ivy that wraps a tower pleases

artistic sense none the less because Nature and iron virgins may once have sheltered behind its walls. . . .

Chalmers, let me ask you how he would do not trench more upon life."

He uttered a droll groan.

"They outrage it! They supercilious throat! They mother's tired in the day."

Her in me rush home at mid-afternoon that I will put out my afternoons by 1 o'clock.

I have accomplished a thinking of what nice eyes that belle from Washington had who

told me that she had read one of my stories in the Transcontinental, and cried over it, and wishing that she

hadn't been so infelicitous as to confuse its title with one by Henry James.

. . . But, thank heaven, the fat end of the season is at hand. There

will be dinners, of course, but dinners are far less wearying."

"And your great book, Chalmers?"

"Oh, I shall never write it. How can I write it?"

"I believe you could write it."

"Dear friend, if you were only a publisher and yet believed so! You would empower me then with the dignity both of leisure and opportunity. And you, Carroll . . . how are you passing your time? In fresh and original dissipations—compassionate ones? Have you made yourself the splendid opposite of that emperor who wished to discover a new vice by lighting on a new and strange mode of being benevolent?"

Carroll stroked for a moment his airy, golden beard. "I think it will do no harm to tell you," he returned, in a slow and peculiarly measured tone, "that I have discovered a new mode of being benevolent."

"Really?" exclaimed his listener, with a show of interest, amused as it was keen.

"Stay," said Carroll, as if he were interrupting some current in his own thoughts. "I drifted into unintentional egotism there. I—"

"As if you could actually drift into it! Only the people who judge you at reckless random could ever dream of making that charge against you!"

Carroll nodded his thanks. "I had a queer, yet commonplace, experience two days ago, Chalmers. That is, it was by nature commonplace, but I took the liberty of manipulating destiny, so to speak, and hence have made it queer."

"An odd proceeding, I should say. But please explain further. There was no more mad folly, I hope, like defending an East side vixen against her drunken sweetheart."

(To be continued.)

THE RAILS WERE HOT.

The Braves Sat Down, But Did Not Remain.

NEW NOTE IN THE WAR-WHOOOP

"For real hot-weather stories, you want to go to a hot-weather country," says W. F. White, passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fe Railroad, at Kansas City. "Now, you can find hot weather that is hot weather in New Mexico and Arizona. It's one thing to go through that country now on a train which carries the conveniences for keeping cool, but it was quite another thing when the railroad was being built and there was nothing between you and the sun but alkali dust.

"The Atchison road reached Deming, N. M., in 1881, and it was a hot summer. It had been hot right along, in that steady, energetic fashion that would make a man wish for an hour in a Bessemer steel mill to cool off. The first construction train pulled into Deming on a day that was so scorching as to stand out even among those other blistering days. The train was made up of a long line of flat cars, and along the centre of the cars ran a pile of steel rails a foot high. The rails had been in the full glare of an unblinking sun until they were about as hot as when they came through the rolls at the mill.

"When the train came into Deming it was, of course, an object of great interest, and no one was more interested in it than a lot of Apache Indians. They were peaceful enough, and filled with curiosity, and were quick to assert the birthright of the American Indian to ride free on a railroad train. The conductor of the train was something of a joker, and saw an opportunity for some fun. He urged the Indians all to climb up on the flat cars and have a ride. The engineer was in the scheme, and as soon as the Indians were on the cars he backed his engine with a jerk.

"They could ride bucking pony under any condition of unsteadiness, but this motion was new to them, and the entire party sat down on the rails. Now, you must remember, the summer costume of an Apache can be cut out of a pocket underclothing with a click or a spore. Well, my idea of Indian wisdom was shattered. There were shrieks that added new notes to the regulation war-whoop, and the Apaches left that train and started off across the hot sand in a way that would have turned us all gray if they had been coming toward us instead of running away. They undoubtedly remember that as the hottest day they ever knew."

SEA AND MOUNTAIN AIR.

Each Has Its Special Virtues for Certain Ailments.

The London Lancet, in an article on the relative properties and physiological effects of mountain and sea air, presents some conclusions which may have timely interest and value for summer tourists on this side of the ocean. Speaking generally, and regardless of exceptional cases, the judgment of the writer of the article referred to is that "sea air is moist, whilst mountain air is dry; sea air is heavy, whilst mountain air is light; sea air is equable, whilst mountain air is subject to sudden oscillations of temperature."

Both sea and mountain air are much purer than the air of the cities, and both are particularly rich in ozone. Both also have a tendency to heighten vitality and improve nutrition. But while mountain air is always stimulating to the human system the atmosphere of the coast "may be stimulant or sedative according to the nature of the local shelter and the character of the prevailing winds. If the situation be open, and the prevailing winds moderately cool and dry, sea air will be stimulant. It will be sedative when the conditions are of an opposite nature."

By way of practical application of these general principles we are told that children and the aged do well at the seashore, while the heights are less suited for both; and that "dyspepsia, especially if of hepatic origin, often does badly at the seaside, but well in the mountains. Skin diseases, especially eczema, are often aggravated by sea air. It is not clear that mountain air has any effect upon them."

The effects of mountain air are injurious in cases of rheumatism, heart or kidney trouble or bronchitis; while the moderately sheltered inland resorts are recommended for insomnia and hysteria.

All medical men, of course, have their own views respecting the comparative sanitary value of the different resorts; but all will admit that the Lancet is

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Items Concerning Prominent People.

Emperor William is studying geology. A statue of General John A. Logan is to be erected in Washington, D. C. John Howard Parnell, brother of Ireland's "Uncrowned King," is a candidate for Parliament.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease is called a skillful hypnotist, and is fond of exercising her alleged powers in that line.

The wreath of flowers sent by the Czar of Russia to be placed on the coffin of President Carnot cost \$1,600.

It is a noticeable fact that the President of the French Republic has never joined any of the clubs of Paris.

Ibsen loves to keep his hair in disorder, and carries a mirror and comb to prevent it from looking respectable.

A bill to provide a pension of \$80 per month for the widow of Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, the Arctic explorer, has been reported favorably to the Senate.

The Empress Eugenie recently took Prince Napoleon with her to Windsor to present him to the Queen as her heir. Most of her wealth is in good English stocks.

A writer in the London Athenaeum is now proving that Mrs. Browning was born in 1806, instead of 1809. A lively controversy appears to be rising as to whether Robert Browning knew that his wife was in her fortieth instead of her thirty-seventh year when they were married.

Editor William Waldorf Astor has contracted to pay Robert Louis Stevenson \$15,000 for his next novel.

The Princess of Wales has sent 106 shillings as a birthday gift to Mrs. Sarah Thomas, 106 years of age, and the oldest person in Wales.

Daniel Du Leon, the Socialist, who resigned his professorship at Columbia College to devote himself to his theories, was born on the Island of Curacao, in the West Indies, 42 years ago.

Italian Premier Crispi has sold the manuscript of his memoirs to Publisher Treves, at Rome, for \$2,000, a sum which speaks in itself for the present feeling of poverty in "Sunny Italy."

Dictator Francia, of Paraguay, once enacted a law that all males should wear some kind of hat, if only a crownless brim, so that they could show respect to their betters by removing their head coverings.

Prince Roland Bonaparte, who is now the hope of the Bonapartists, Prince Victor being poor and in exile, is building a palace on the Avenue d'Iena in Paris of so splendid a kind that it will be one of the show places of the capital.

After a long search the house in which Joseph Madersberger who, the Austrians say, invented the sewing-machine, was born has been found in Vienna. His birth occurred on March 6th, 1783. The house is to be marked by a suitable inscription.

Prof. Asa Gray says that the Washington elm, at Cambridge, Mass., has been estimated to produce 7,000,000 leaves, which would make a surface radiation of about five acres in extent, and give out every fair day in the growing season seven and three-quarter tons of moisture.

GAS LAMP WEATHER PROPHET.

Every Street Lamp Is Said to be a Prognosticator.

"I beg leave to explain to you and the public generally, a method of 'weather forecasting' which I discovered about eight or ten years ago and have since elaborated daily. It is done by closely observing and understanding the various shapes and shades of the gas flame as visible in a street lamp about 100 yards off. The following prognostics will speak for themselves:

"Prognostic for Snow—A clean, bright light, with centre bright as silver. And as there is generally frost when snow comes, it is indicated by a 'tail' from the bottom of the light, resembling a wine bottle turned upside down. The size of 'tail' will show the degree of frost."

"Prognostics for Sunshine—The 'frost tail' is solid, but for sunshine it is made of rays closely pressed together. There is a very particular point to be observed here. The moment the 'ray tail' is seen a similar 'tail' is to be observed at certain stars and is not to be seen if there is no sun the next day."

DISGUISED AS MEN.

Women Discovered in the Banks Serving as Soldiers for Their Country.

The recent attempt made by naval officials to hush up what would have furnished material for a scandal of unusual dimensions has apparently been successful, says London Truth. The real state of affairs was known only to a few. This was that in more than one vessel of war, females dressed in male attire, had been acting as officers' private servants. Rumor even went as far as to say that some of these girls were highly connected. The affair revives the recollection of many cases of women in breeches.

It is said that 150 women disguised as men were discovered in the United States Army of the Potomac in 1866.

The list of strange impostures would of itself fill pages; the narrative of their conception and fulfillment would occupy several volumes. Some of them have been quite purposeless; some have been daring and well affected; but the shrewdest and most daring of all have been criminal in design and too often successful.

The late Col. Burnaby told of his discovery of a woman who served as a soldier in the ranks of the army of Don Carlos in 1874. She wore the uniform and lived and fought just as the other soldiers; but a priest in whose parish she had lived identified her. Don Carlos removed her to the nurses' quarters, but she begged to be sent back to the ranks. He laughed. "Not to the regiment of men; but when I form a battalion of women you shall be colonel."

In Australia not so many years ago there was a woman who travelled under the alias of Edward de Lacy Evans. For years she was a miner at Bendigo. She is stated to have been married as a man three times. Her true sex was discovered upon her reception into Kew Lunatic Asylum. She eventually recovered her reason and returned to the outer world.

The career of Mary Ann Talbot contains a still further flavor of romance. She was the reputed daughter of the Earl of Talbot, and at 14 years she fell into the hands of a Capt. Bowen, of the Royal Navy. The captain, being ordered to San Domingo, took her with him, disguised as a page boy. When Capt. Bowen was killed in action Mary Ann changed her flag and entered the French Navy. She then entered the American merchant marine. She quickly, of course, still in male disguise—became a favorite with the captain of the vessel, and he took her home with him. His niece fell in love with the pretty sailor boy, as she considered him, and proposed marriage herself.

The proposed Mary Ann deemed it prudent to accept, and it was arranged that the marriage should be celebrated on the sailor's return from the next voyage. It is hardly necessary to say that this gay deceiver had no intention whatever of going back. Landing in England, Mary Ann was arrested as a deserter from the British Navy, and to escape further service she confessed her sex. The story of her adventures immediately spread abroad and created a considerable sensation at the time. Then the Duke of York procured for her a pension, and she received numerous and handsome presents from him and others.

It is strikingly noticeable that many of these Amazons were fatally attractive to their own sex. As we have seen, Mary Ann Talbot unwittingly captivated the heart of the American captain's niece, while "Edward de Lacy Evans" who married three wives, must also have been a very pretty fellow.

WILL MARRIAGE GO OUT?

The Decline of Early Marriages Causes Much Misplaced Excitement.

The statistician, who delights in nothing so much as throwing a bomb into the camp of the enemy, has been bobbing up at intervals during the last decade or so to demonstrate that women are not marrying at the fast and furious rate which has set the standard, and to ask us what we propose doing about it. Propose, indeed! Woman, emancipated woman, repeats the question with a malicious grin when we try to reason with her on the subject, flaps her wings derisively from the fence where she has taken herself out of everybody's clutches—and then, in her own good time, comes leisurely down, marries somebody, and has the laugh on us. She takes her time—that is the sum

(To be continued.)

MIDSUMMER DESSERTS.

Junket is Easily Made and is Very Wholesome.

This simple dessert is not so frequently used as it should be. If sweetened and flavored nicely and served, icy cold, with thick cream, it is unsurpassed as a warm weather dessert.

Put one quart of milk into a double boiler and stir it over the fire until it is lukewarm—not one degree warmer, or it will be tough and full of whey. Sweeten it to taste, and add a dessertspoonful of vanilla, mix and stir until the sugar is dissolved, then add two teaspoonsfuls of liquid rennet (this can be purchased of any grocer), stir quickly and turn at once into the dish in which it is to be served. Let it stand perfectly quiet on the kitchen table for about fifteen minutes, or until it is "set," then put it in a cold place until serving time. It should be dipped out with a scoop or small saucer as dipping it out with a tablespoon causes it to break and to become tough and full of whey.

CLABBED MILK.

This is simply thick sour milk, and is also called loppered milk or bonny clabber. It is one of the most wholesome of hot weather desserts, and if taken frequently a person soon grows very fond of it. I have frequently seen people shudder even at the thought of it, who after having taken it nicely prepared once or twice have thought it delicious. It must not be sour or tough, and needs a good supply of sugar and cream, and for myself I like a little nutmeg.

Procure good, fresh, skinned milk, pour it into a covered glass dish and allow it to stand in a moderately warm place until it becomes firm and jelly-like, then stand it on the ice for a few hours and serve it in this same dish. It should be taken out with a scoop or saucer.

CLOTTED CREAM.

This is cream raised by heat in such a manner that a small quantity of albumen is congealed with it. It is delightful to serve with fruit or hot cakes, and is especially nice with sliced peaches.

Take a perfectly bright, broad tin basin, and put in half a pint of ice water in it, then pour in four quarts of good Alderney milk. Stand this in a cold place, a refrigerator, for twelve hours (over night), then put it on the back part of the range, where it will slowly heat, till the cream all comes to the surface. The heat must never exceed that which a finger can easily bear, about 155° F., but it must be kept at this temperature for about three hours, until more cream comes to the surface, then move the cream with a skimmer, cool, chill it, and it is ready for the Royal News.

be seen as ENGINEER DOES IN DANGER.

Note before spending.

This applies to a minute. What

to do if he saw before

debated to bridge or the red lights

train? His left hand is

sore. He would close it.

First in the same second his right hand would grasp the sand lever, and with his left he would apply the brakes. With both hands in about the third second he would reverse the engine. Perhaps he has heard that old story that to reverse a locomotive is to increase her speed—that a bird will fly faster with folded wings. He may pretend to believe it, but he will reverse her just the same. If she has room, she will stop. Even without the aid of the air-brake she will stop the train if the rail holds out. I ought to say that the instant he reverses the engine he will kick the cylinder cocks open; otherwise he may blow off a steam chest or a cylinder head.—McClure's Magazine.

A MAN WANTS TO KNOW.

Why the fair sex persists in shopping in hot weather to the detriment of their tempers and their husbands' comforts?

Why women can't remember to tell the cook to have iced tea instead of the boiling hot fluid for dinner these warm nights?

Why women won't learn that soda water ruins their digestive apparatus, to say nothing of their complexions?

Why women persist in carrying parasols at such an angle as to endanger the eyes of all pedestrians?

Why women wear spotted veils and then wonder why their heads ache?

Why they have adopted the hottest, most uncomfortable part of man's entire wardrobe, namely, starched collars and cuffs, for their shirt waists?

Why they persist in talking about servant-girls or clothes whenever two or three of them get together? It is very stupid for the men.

The fastest time ever made between New York and San Francisco was by a theatrical train in 1886—8 days, 7 hours and 59 minutes.

teria.

All medical men, of course, have their own views respecting the comparative sanitary value of the different resorts; but all will admit that the Lancet is an excellent authority; and none will dissent from its closing injunction that "purity of air and abundance of sunlight are often two chief desiderata; and these may frequently be found in a doubtful case the patient's previous experience will often be found to be of great value."

CAGED IN A BIG SAFE.

The Arrival of the Cashier Savesan Official From Suva.

A Chicago despatch says: For about a quarter of an hour this afternoon Secretary L. M. Engberry, of the Mercantile Union Company, was a prisoner in the big vault in the company's offices, while half a dozen clerks and typewriters were rushing about, wringing their hands and racking their brains to try and guess the combination of the big safe door.

The imprisoned man pounded desperately on the steel walls that surrounded him, and shouted hoarsely for help. His cries scarcely penetrated the thick walls of his prison. Every moment his calls were becoming more feeble, when at last the only man who knew the secret of the combination appeared on the scene.

The door was quickly flung open and Engberry fell out upon the floor, overcome with fear and the strain under which he had been laboring. In a few minutes he recovered his equanimity, however, and told his experience as follows:

"The clerks had all gone out for lunch, and I was about to do the same, when I stepped into the vault to put away some papers. While I was there the cashier came by and closed the door without noticing me. I did not know what had occurred until I heard the combination turned."

"Then I gave a yell, but it was too late. I began to shout still louder, and had I not succeeded in calling the attention of several people, who ran to the lunch room and notified the cashier, I would probably have been suffocated. It is an experience I do not want to meet with again."

WOMAN SAVAGELY LASHED.

A Connellsville, Pa., despatch says: A savage punishment was meted out to a young Slav woman near Leith last night. She had been accused of disobeying the moral code of her native land, and her countrymen decided to administer the customary lashing.

Her family protested, but, in vain, and they were afraid to appeal from the decree of the Slav tribunal. A party of Slavs took the young woman from her friends, stripped her of most of her clothing, pinioned her hands and feet, lashed her to a stake and whipped her savagely. For more than an hour, while being punished, she was reviled, tormented and spat upon by anybody in the crowd who cared to take a hand. She was left tied to a whipping stake and remained there six hours, as the case is stated to the local authorities, before anybody dared to release her.

After she had been whipped a young man who pitied the agony she was suffering offered to loosen some of the cords that bound her, but he was promptly beaten off by the mob. When the girl was taken down last evening she could hardly move. County Detective Campbell has the case in hand.

GUESS AGAIN.

A Congressman who, having submitted himself to the manipulation of a venerable colored barber in Washington, was told: "Do you know, sir, you remind me so much of Dan'l Webster?"

"Indeed," he said, "shape of my head, I suppose?" This staggered the aged colored man somewhat. He had not expected a question in reply, and had merely laid the foundation for his complimentary bluff, never thinking that there would be a call for an explanatory superstructure.

"No, sir," he stammered in reply, "not yo' head, sir; it's yo' brest."—Kansas City Mail.

The discovery of iodine was accidentally made by Courtois, a French soap-maker, who found the new substance in the ash of seaweed.

A spoon in a glass of hot water prevents the glass from breaking because the metal absorbs the heat more readily than the glass does.

observed here. The moment the "ray tail" is seen a similar "tail" is to be observed at certain stars and is not to be seen if there is to be no sunshine next day.

"Prognostic for Rain—Rays out from the side and bottom of the light candle flame shade). The rain will be in proportion to the rays.

"Prognostic for Haze or Fog—Haze has the white flame, and the fog has the same shade toned down nearly as the candle flame. 'Cloudy and dull' is indicated by the pressure of the atmosphere.

"Prognostic for Thunder—A very small flame, but bright as silver, with the slightest touch of a mauve tone.

"Prognostic for Wind—The reflection around this light, and in proportion, will be the wind or storm.

"Prognostic for Heat—A hazy fur around the light. The light must be about 100 yards distant from you."—William-Elliott in Invention.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Möndle crochet is a favorite form of household decoration at the present time.

Some of the newest book covers are made of tinted linen, painted with gold and colors.

The old fashioned Mignardise braid has reappeared, and is used to outline patterns with very good results.

Sachets composed of moire often have the wavy lines of the watering traced out in tiny spangles of beads.

Pretty candle shades are made of vegetable parchment painted with oil colors and brightened with gold.

Two wooden tobacco pipes, tied together crosswise with colored ribbons, have their bowls stuffed to do duty as pin cushions.

Handsome tea cloths are now made of gold colored linens. Round the edge runs a border, resembling black lace, and worked with black silk.

A novelty in photograph screens is made of three sheets of glass, bound and connected with strips of ribbon and decorated with bows.

Egg cozies are made in the form of a water lily turned upside down, the stalk forming the handle. The petals of the flower are of white or yellow satin and the leaves of green.

The newest lamp shades have a frill of painted lace. The ground is yellow, the details colored according to their character—blue or red for floral motives and green for leaves and stems.

Narrow pieces of silk that are too small for any other purpose are transformed into charming sheaths for folding fans. Silk cord is sewed around the edge and a loop of the cord left to carry the bag by.—Morning Advertiser.

A WATCH FOR THE BLIND.

An inventor has contrived a watch for the blind, who have found that passing their fingers over so lightly over the raised letters on the dial in time disturb the hands. In the middle of each figure is set a movable peg. It would stop the hour hand if it remained stationary, but at the touch of the hour hand the peg drops. To learn what is the hour the blind man's fingers run around the circle and find the peg that is down. It remains down until the next peg drops. To find the minutes there is a similar set of pegs on the outer edge of the dial for the minute hand.

THE COST OF LIVING.

According to some recent statistics on the cost of living, an Englishman spends, on an average, \$48 a year for food; a Frenchman, \$47; a German, \$42; a Spaniard, \$38; an Italian, \$34; and a Russian, \$28. Of meat the Englishman eats 109 pounds a year; the Frenchman, 87; the German, 64; the Italian, 26, and the Russian, 51. Of bread the Englishman consumes 880 pounds; the Frenchman, 540; the German, 560; the Spaniard, 480; the Italian, 400, and the Russian, 685.—Scientific American.

TOO REALISTIC.

Visitor—And how did my little pet like the theatre?

Little girl—Not very much. The actors didn't act as if they were just acting; they acted as if it was all so—an' that made me uncomfortable.

"Why?"

"I felt just as if I was peekin' through a keyhole into somebody else's house."

HIS CHOICE.

Miss Keyes—What make of piano would you advise me to buy?

VanPelt—Why don't you wait a little? They are making improvements every day, and maybe they'll get up some noiseless variety.

body's clutches—and then, in her own good time, comes leisurely down, marries somebody, and has the laugh on us.

She takes her time—that is the sum and substance of it. "True love is going out," somebody wrings his hands and says: "The girl of '94 is cold, calculating, and heartless—a monstrosity!" Well, now, despairing brother, when you come to talk of cold calculation, I knew a girl who married at 16 because she said, it might be her only chance, and another pretty damsel married at 15 because she wanted her golden wedding when it would do her some good. But I'd like you to hunt up the "Mr. Right" for whom one of those plucky "monstrosities" was bound to wait, it might be for years and it might be forever, and ask him if he has noticed anything of "heartlessness" or "coldness" about her.

About the only thing it is worth while proving from the decline of early marriages is that the fin de siècle girl has so many other matters in her fin de siècle head that to claim her attention, says Louise Bette Edwards in the Philadelphia Press, a man must be more interesting than tennis, art, university extension lectures, amateur drama, gym work and a dozen other things put together—a test which, of course, it is not every man can stand. And the only worry it is worth while to entertain on the subject is that one's individual self may not pass the test; because when our fastidious lady has found, not merely the man she can get, but the man she wants, nor art, nor tennis, nor any other creature can rival her in her regard.

By the way, I would not rashly pluck a laurel leaf from her crown, but there is no use praising her as "sensible" for marrying later in life. If it is sense it is unconscious and unintentional sense, and it is far more likely to be accident or the spirit of the times. No woman has any sense in the matter of whom, when and how she marries; if she had, there wouldn't be employment enough to keep up the license court. Reason would seem to indicate that the woman of 80 would exercise more judgment on this point than "the maiden of bashful 15," but facts, which are seldom reasonable, show that her marriage is almost as frequently a failure.

Much of the agitation over the question, "Will marriage go out?" would dissolve down into an easily pricked bubble if we would simply remember that everything else has been tried. No one entertains for a single minute such an absurdity as the idea that some sort of relationship between the sexes can ever be dispensed with; and the hastiest dip into history shows that every relation human ingenuity can devise has been tried and failed, and nothing has given such satisfaction and protection to the individual and the state as marriage. Anything else which the enthusiasts advocated "new order" might try to make use of would be one of the long-explored bombs from an old battle-field.

A funny old fable tells us of a revolt among the bees, which declared themselves sick of building six-sided cells. They accordingly killed their queen and began experimenting—and failing—with five-sided, seven-sided, and every-sided cells, until in the course of time they forgot what the original style had been. When they were thoroughly disheartened some bright one suggested that they try six-sided cells. They did so, with perfect success, and forever after went around glorifying in their own cleverness and the stupidity of their ancestors, whose ways they had so wisely discarded.

That's how it would be if hereafter—but, pshaw, there won't be any such hereafter.

WHITE HOUSE WEDDINGS.

The first wedding to occur in the White House was that of Miss Todd, a relative by marriage of President Madison. Then in their order came the weddings of Elizabeth Tyler, a daughter of President Tyler; John Quincy Adams, jun.; Miss Eastern and Miss Lewis, both during Gen. Jackson's administration; Martha Monroe, Nellie Grant, Emily Platt, a niece of President Hayes, and last, President Cleveland.

GREAT COLLECTION OF BUTTERFLIES.

From the entomologist's point of view the British Museum has just received an important gift. A collection of 84,000 butterflies is seldom seen, and necessitates the use of a surprising number of glass cases; the museum authorities will, however, find room for the collection in the Natural History branch,